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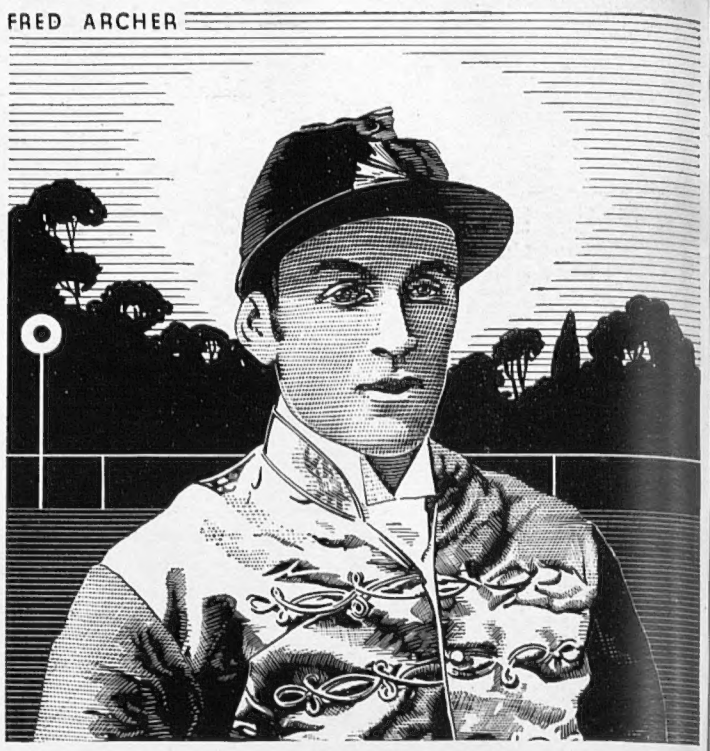

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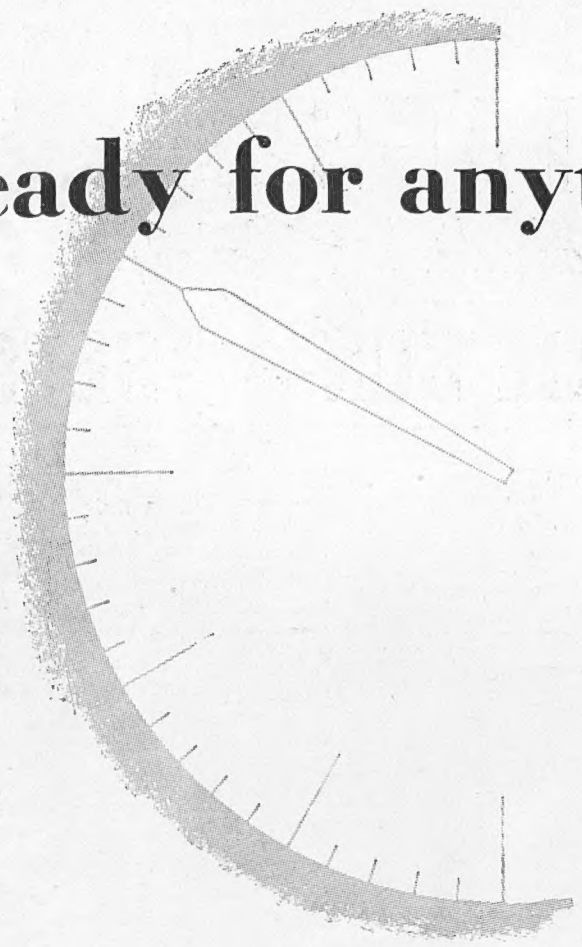

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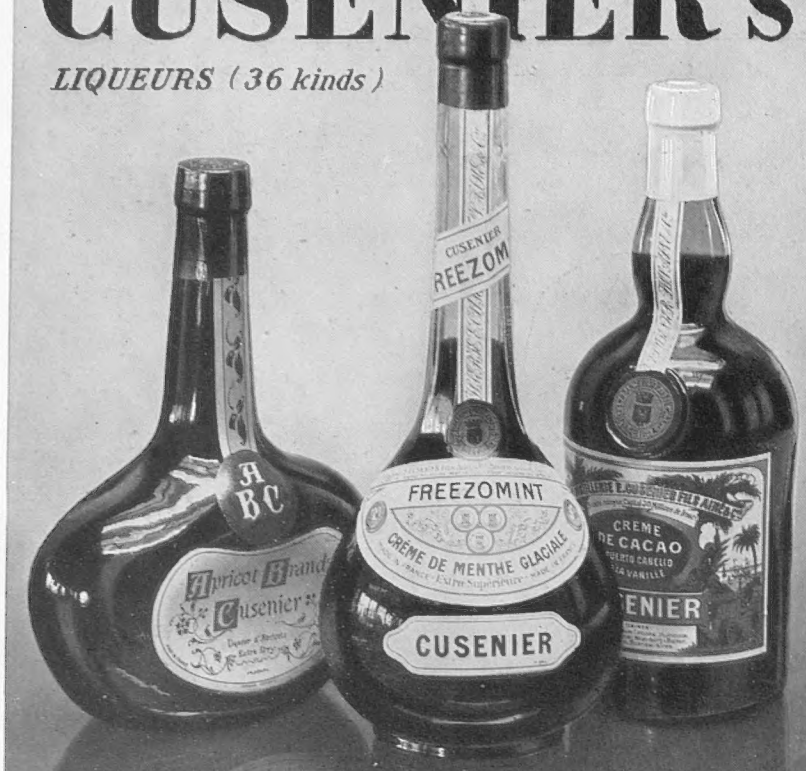

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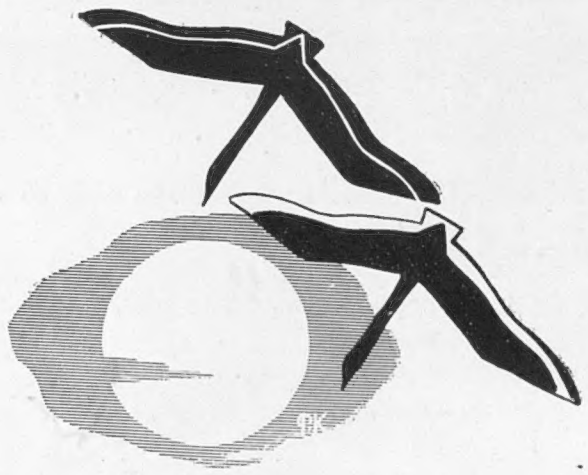

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The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, May 29, 1937

The King and Queen Drive in Sunshine to St. Paul's

There to Join in the Empire Day Service and Thanksgiving for the Coronation—The Carriage Passing Through Ludgate Circus

St. Paul's, where Queen Victoria returned thanks in 1897 on the sixtieth anniversary of her accession, and where in May, 1935, King George V went to mark the advent of his own Silver Jubilee, was the scene of yet another momentous gathering on Monday last, the King and Queen driving to the great cathedral in summer sunshine to join a congregation of 4,000 of their subjects from all parts of the globe in an Empire Day service which had also the nature of a service of thanksgiving for the Coronation. Because of the main significance of the occasion the visit of their Majesties was without the pomp and brilliance of State ceremonial, but in all twenty-four members of the Royal Family were present, and the company also included Mr. Baldwin and most of the members of his Cabinet, together with the Prime Ministers (Mr. Mackenzie King, Canada, read the first lesson), High Commissioners, and other representatives of the Dominions, India, and the Colonial Empire. The King and Queen, accompanied by the little Princesses, drove to St. Paul's and back to the Palace in an open carriage, and although the drive was informal it was without doubt one of the finest opportunities London has had during the Coronation celebrations of seeing the Sovereign among his people

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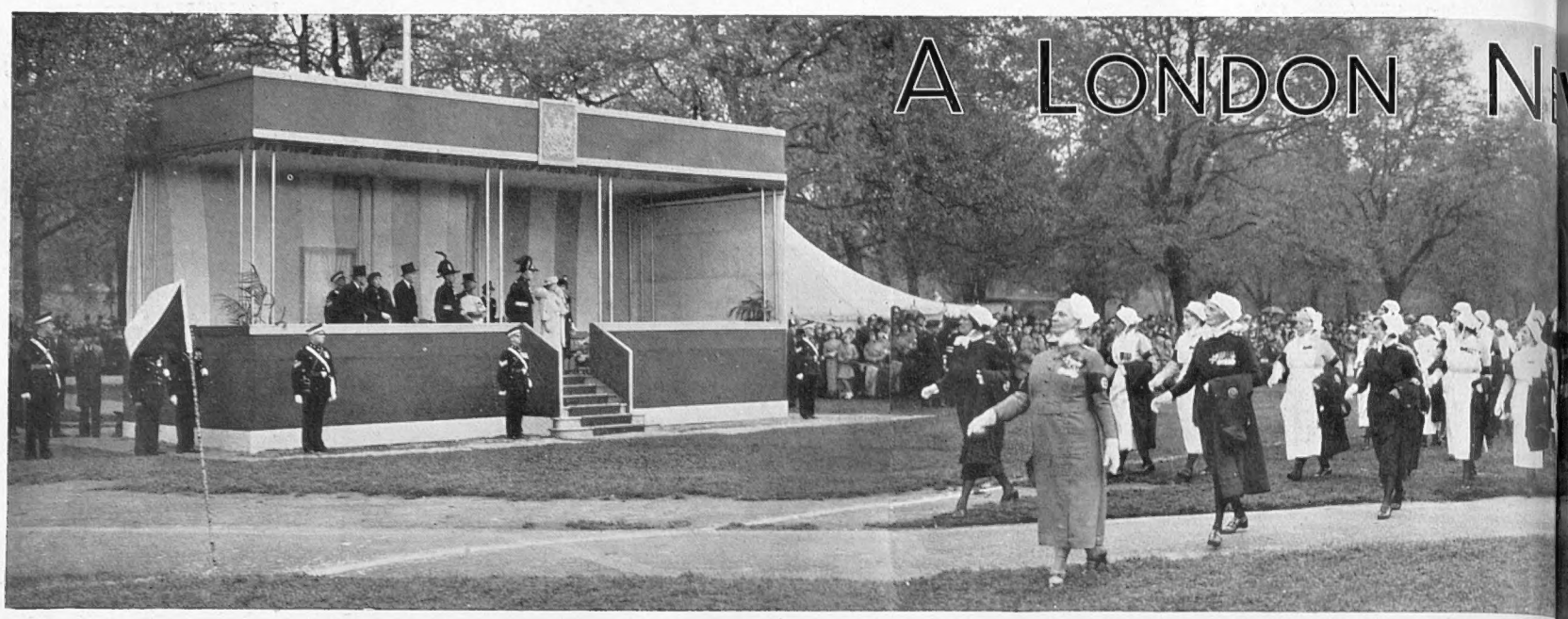


TO MARK THE FIFTIETH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ST. JOHN AMBULANCE BRIGADE the Queen, who is Commandant-in-Chief of the Nursing Corps, went to Hyde Park last Saturday and reviewed five thousand men and nurses representative of every country in which the Brigade is actively engaged and of every county in England. Her Majesty watched the march-past from a dais specially erected for the occasion

32-34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.
Wednesday, May 26, 1937.

KING'S WEATHER BY LAND AND SEA.—The King and Queen have been unlucky in their weather during the Coronation weeks. But Jupiter Pluvius is an impotent old gentleman, even if radio has grafted monkey-gland on him. He was quite ineffective and could not damp our enthusiasm for our Royal House and our processions. We have had so much pageantry to feast our eyes that the cancellation of the Guildhall State drive was endured with philosophy. Within doors no envious gods can interfere with our superb stage-management and we (or the privileged) enjoyed another week of matchless magnificence. At sea and on the sea-board, Neptune was in control. Visibility was poor at Spithead at the moment when the guns of the fleets thundered out their royal salutes, and the Isle of Wight faded from the mainland. But when the resplendent *Victoria and Albert* passed close inshore along the Alverstoke shingle bank, the Royal party—best-known faces on earth to-day—were clearly visible from the shore. Indeed the mist did a notable service. It was in very truth "Turneresque" to observe those great and fearful steel stacks looming up through the haze and bisecting a background of white, the mighty sides of some liner. Perhaps nothing struck me more than the passage of the *Strathmore* through the lines, following *Victoria and Albert* and *Enchantress*. It was a notable sight which I am glad to have seen. But there is not much beauty or romance in modern battleships; none at all in aircraft carriers.

INSIDE THE ABBEY.—On the first day on which the Abbey was reopened to the public nearly 4,000 people paid 10s. each to see the Coronation setting; £2,000 retrieved. Since then, on cheap days and expensive, the demand for entry has been enormous. That the harvest will more than compensate the Abbey for what it lost during its close season is obvious. It is likely to beat all records of Abbey takings. The sightseer saw an abbey transformed. It appeared to have shrunk. The great, dim, brilliant-pointed opal had been cut. A hundred dim points of light and colour are now veiled in a setting of dignified blue and silver, serving as a background for a few treasures of priceless value, whose appeal lies rather in their simplicity than in their richness. The chief goals of sightseers were of course the Coronation Chair and the Annexe, but the Unknown Warrior's tomb still exerted its undying appeal. So, once again one repeats it, we live on our Royalties. Because of them the money continues to pour into London and England. The least breath of a rumour of a movement by one of them draws excited thousands of enthusiasts. Wherever they go, they are surrounded, held up, delayed, cheered to the echo. It is an extraordinary manifestation. Those who can remember late Victorian days, or the cool, worldly-wise era of Edward VII (a popular king enough), must feel the contrast most vividly. It is now for more than two years that the Royal family has been easily first among the "best-sellers" of newspaper and radio news items. A continuous wave of interest in our Royal house has grown and swelled until its vast volume has obscured a score of other major issues. But I have said my say and shall not repeat it.

QUEEN MARY AT A CORONATION PARTY: Her Majesty received by the Mayor of Westminster, Mr. Arthur Howard, on arrival at the Albert Hall to attend the tea organised by the Westminster City Council for five thousand children in the senior department of their elementary schools. The youngsters, who filled practically the whole of the vast auditorium, gave Queen Mary a rapturous welcome

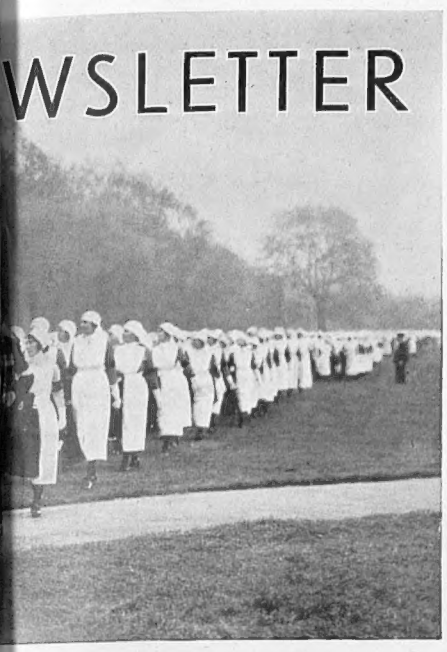
A PATENT BEYOND PRICE.—In a world, labouring in dark and cruel seas, Britain seems to have lived in a golden dream of crowns, and ermine, and red carpets, with one central beam of limelight unalterably fixed on the comings and goings of one family, our first family, the House of Windsor. We have lived on our Royalties, and have lived pretty well out of them. And now the Civil List has been debated in Parliament. Most people thought it unlikely that any individual would have the stark courage, the cool audacity (one might say), the base ingratitude, to raise a single point of criticism or cavil at any sums which it might be proposed to vote towards the maintenance of that House. But brass-tacks return when Carnival-time ends, and we heard just what I expected. We know—no one can persuade us otherwise—that our extraordinary constitutional recipe is beyond price; we cannot estimate its value in £ s. d. It is one of the world's unclassifiable patents. It hits with one arrow every bull's-eye on the range. It is psychologically, racially, industrially, morally, constitutionally, 100 per cent. efficient. It is the 1,000 to 1 chance that sweeps the board of all the classics in a season. Wherefore Lord Hugh Cecil's letter to *The Times* fell apt and timeous. The cost of the King—personally reigning, not personally governing—is borne by the Exchequer. It is met by the Civil List Act, and the cost is very high. But if there were no Civil List Act the King would handle the income derived from the Crown lands, and that income, which would be his by right (just as much as my few thousand pounds are mine by right) largely exceeds the huge annual figure of the Civil List. The profits of the Crown lands go to the taxpayer, and give to the taxpayer, in exchange for the Royal annuities voted, a profit of considerable value beyond the total costs of maintaining the dignity of the Crown and Royal house. We live on our Royalties—with bonuses. In the circumstances, having regard to public sentiment to-day and to strict £ s. d. considerations—he was a bold man, or a blind man, or an inveterate "intervener in debate" who raised his voice nicely to "calculate the less or more."

LONDON'S CHARABANC INVASION: Private hired motor coaches gathered outside the Houses of Parliament, having come from all over the country with parties of sightseers wishing to see the Coronation decorations and Westminster Abbey

KINGDOMS OF EMPIRE.—It was General Smuts who set the question going. "For the first time (he said at Coronation time) we have a King of Kingdoms spread over the globe." People took note of that; some remembered that the pioneers of federated Canada desired to call the new dominion "the Kingdom of Canada." It was thus they designed with clear vision to stress Canada's connection with the Crown and to assert her constitutional equality (as now recognised) with the Mother Country. But the officials in the old country feared that American susceptibilities might be stirred up. A common name for each and all the equal partners in our great League of Nations is indeed required, and there is logic and aptness in the word Kingdom. Certainly that word best portmanteaus the essentials—"equality of status under a single symbol of monarchy." Of what or of whom are we now afeared? Not of democracy. In the past three years we have proved to the hilt that democracy swallows and wholly digests the idea of sovereignty. Not our democracies alone: but others turn jealous eyes on a constitution so efficient, so elastic, so binding and so unchanging. The word "Kingdom," long since robbed of its autocratic implications, smells sweet in civilisation, it speaks peace and ensues it. Even those who dislike the heredity principle and the conferment of titles see nothing paradoxical and nothing unsuitable in the idea of a King, symbolising the will and unity of a democracy or group of democracies. Look where they will, they see nothing that works more smoothly or more economically.

HISTORY AT VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM.—The V. and A. in South Kensington is a treasure-house and an educational establishment at all times. Just now it is staging in the North Gallery an exhibition, topical and instructive, called

WSLETTER



The Kings and Queens of England. There are portraits, relics of our sovereigns from Henry VII to Victoria, all collected from different sections of the vast building. I don't know who was responsible for the little show. Perhaps Sir Eric Maclagan himself or one of his clever lieutenants. Whoever he is, he has shown genius, for this exhibition is curiously alive and interesting. All children keen on history should see it. For once in a way, it makes history live; and the old sovereigns cease to be the "wood-blocks" of the old text-books and become flesh and blood; men of like passions with ourselves, people with real faces and hearts and minds. Yes, even in the ornate and formal busts of Le Sueur, Wilton, and Pelle. The plum of the collection, to my mind, is that gloriously dignified and true presentment in painted terra-cotta of Henry VII, which has been attributed to Torrigiano, who has a great work of art in the Record Office. Apart from relics of Kings of great romantic interest, the thrill of the collection lies in these portraits in various media of our Kings and Queens. Here for the first time in my life I seemed to see them as they were in life, breathing, thinking rationally, grave, gay, wise and foolish, alive and human like you and I. The breath of genius inspired the arrangement and the exhibition should not be missed. It is worth a term spent in studying text-books.

M.C.C. 150 (STILL BATTING).—Glorious cricket fixtures were arranged to mark the "business" aspect of the M.C.C.'s great anniversary year. You could not have more *potential* cricket interest (in a non-Test match year) than in North v. South, with many young stars in the teams, and in the Australian XI v. the Rest of England. Cricket is very much alive still. For 150 years M.C.C. has been a mild but shrewd dictator and *arbiter elegantiarum* of the great game, and of its 6,600 members to-day a vast majority are shrewd critics, lovers or fans of the old game. So national is the game, so much is it a part of our national life, that Honours lists take note of its most notable exponents and servants. Thus Mr. Lacey was honoured, thus Mr. "Plum" Warner. The headquarters of cricket have changed their aspect enormously since first I knew them and every change has been for the better. Efficiency and good taste are in evidence everywhere. The jealously-guarded green acres grow greener, fresher, and more airy every year, the treasures in the pavilion constantly increase in value and variety and interest. Lord's is a museum and a testing laboratory, the M.C.C. a Liberal—Conservative government, one eye on tradition, the other on the future. What are the three estates of the Realm? Lords spiritual, Lords temporal, and Commons? Well I don't know about bishops and peers nowadays except at Coronation time. But Lord's and the Commons of England still play an important part in English life. The big game is played there by international stars and enthusiastic rustics.

SEEK PEACE AND ENSUE IT.—A great Englishman, a great gentleman and British Premier ends his public career, as he has lived it, on the dominating note of peace, in defence of democracy and of freedom, in an appeal for fellowship, patriotism, unselfishness, and the principles of Christianity. In these things (and perhaps in a higher view of the object of education) are comprised the whole duty and all the hopes of civilised men. His speech at the great Empire rally was filled with carefully cut gems—philosophic epigrams containing vital truth. I feel a strong desire to set on record for the outposts of Empire (where a copy of THE SPHERE enjoys more than a single butterfly's day of life) one or two of them: "The fruits of the free spirit of man do not grow in the garden of tyranny. . . . Use men as ends and never merely as means; and live for the brotherhood of man which implies the fatherhood of God. (Here the hands are the hands of his cousin, Kipling, but the voice is Baldwin's voice.) . . . The King is the symbol of the Union, not only of an Empire but of a society held together by a common view of the fundamental nature of man. . . . It may well be you will have to save democracy from itself. . . . When emancipation is achieved, a new slavery may begin. . . . And last, and of essential and urgent realisation: Freedom for common men, which was to have been the fruit of victory (in the great war) is once more in jeopardy in our own land because it has been taken away from the common men of other lands."

DOMESTIC SERVICE.—That the domestic servant problem is likely to grow more acute before it improves is the conclusion of farsighted individuals who have considered the evidence accumulated of late. During the armament building period there will be more and more jobs suitable for or open to young women: less temporary, but still seasonal, are the ever increasing opportunities for summer employment afforded by restaurants and road houses, seaside places of entertainment and other butterfly industries. These lines enable young women, otherwise suitable for domestic service, to reap harvests which will support them comfortably, with the dole, during the winter and enable them to qualify as serious film-fans while living at home in the close season. It is difficult for the average householder to lay the difficulties which face him in securing servants at the door of selfish and tyrannical employers. The bad old days are so remote in his or her memory. The average housewife to-day, in her over-mastering anxiety to make domestic service attractive, is a fellow servant with the maids she employs, takes her regular hours of duty, and would no more dream of disarranging her maids' fixed hours "out" than she would dream of forbidding "followers" or of insisting on attendance at church. The thoughtless employer must assuredly be a far less important factor in the sad plight of the housewife than is the thoughtless motorist in the plight of the car-owner. I have no doubt that the chief causes of the trouble are the foolishness of the average mother of the village, the consequent ignorance of and distaste for domestic duties of the average village girl, her vanity and absorption in cinemas, the opportunities for lucrative seasonal employment afforded by the summer industries, and the crime of suffering those for whom suitable and useful employment is available to draw the dole in idleness, while their work is done by girls imported from Central Europe. No other country but ours would suffer so gross an anomaly, so shortsighted a policy, to flourish.

THE OLD STAGER.

ROYALTY IN KENT: The Duchess of Kent handing over to the Duke of Kent, as Colonel-in-Chief, a silver bugle presented to the Queen's Own Royal West Kent Regiment by the Association of Men of Kent and Kentish Men at a ceremony at Shorncliffe Camp, near Folkestone, last Saturday. Their Royal Highnesses made the journey from London by air in the most unfavourable weather conditions, and from the time they left Hendon to when they reached Lympne never saw the ground once, mist and low clouds blotting out the landscape. Wing-Commander Fielden, the Captain of the King's Flight, piloted the machine and succeeded in making a perfect landing

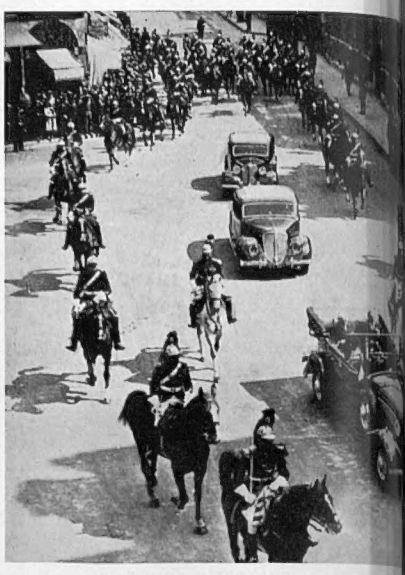
A NEW CALIFORNIAN INVADER: Miss Alice Marble, the United States Singles Champion, who, like Miss Helen Jacobs and Mrs Wills-Moody hails from San Francisco, facing the cameras at Surbiton where she played in the Surrey Tournament last week, being defeated in the final by that greatly improved player, Miss E. James. Conditions underfoot did not altogether suit Miss Marble, and there is no doubt that when Wimbledon comes along she will test the best of our players. The service is her most formidable stroke

AMONG THEIR OWN PEOPLE: Prince and Princess Chichibu, Emperor Hirohito's representatives at the Coronation, with Japanese girls at a garden party held in the grounds of Hurlingham for Japanese residents in London

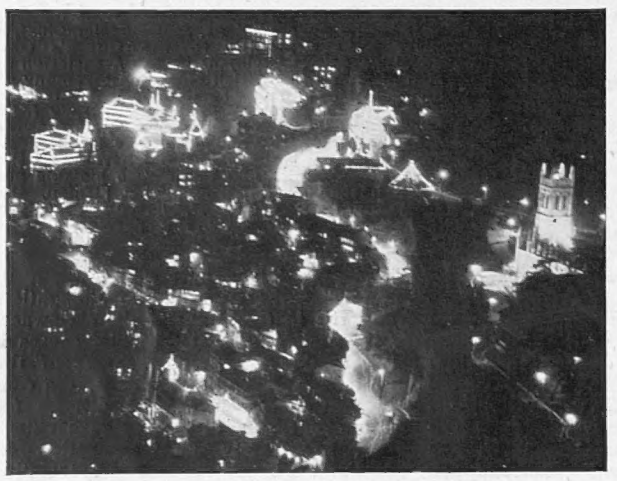
PASSING

MALTA'S CORONATION CELEBRATIONS: Rockets bursting over the floodlit Fort St. Angelo in Grand Harbour during the elaborate pyrotechn'c display held on the night of May 12

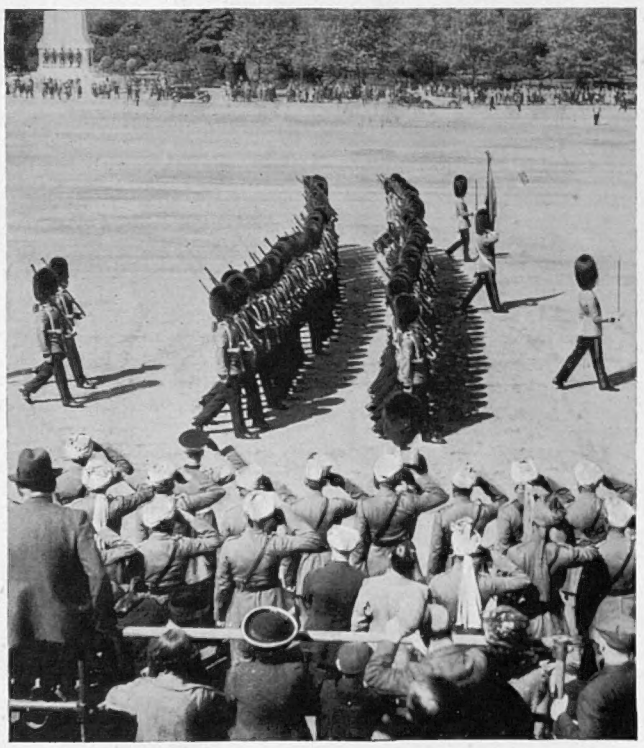
FAREWELL INSPECTION OF THE INDIAN CORONATION CONTINGENT: Field-Marshal Sir William Birdwood shaking hands with one of the men when he visited the Hampton Court Camp last Saturday on the eve of the detachment's return to the East. Sir William, who was deputising for the Duke of Connaught, was accompanied by Field-Marshal Sir Claud Jacob



M. LEBRUN OPENS THE PARIS EXHIBITION: accompanied by a cavalry escort as he inaugurating the great industrial display from ready for general inspection, none

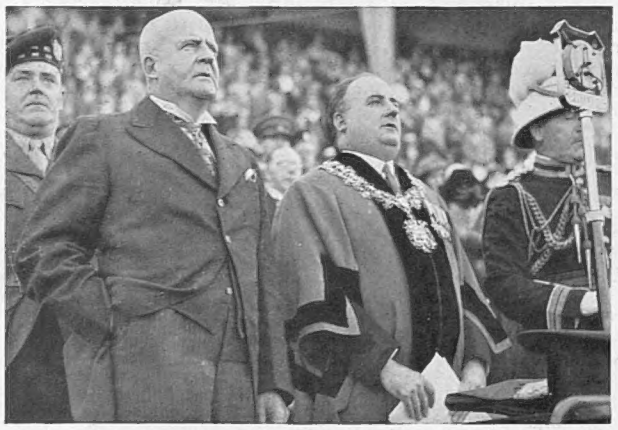


SIMLA EN FETE: An aerial impression of the Coronation illuminations at the summer seat of the Indian Government, where Viceregal Lodge and other official buildings were brilliantly floodlit. An outstanding feature of the celebrations was the feeding of hundreds of the poor by the Viceroy

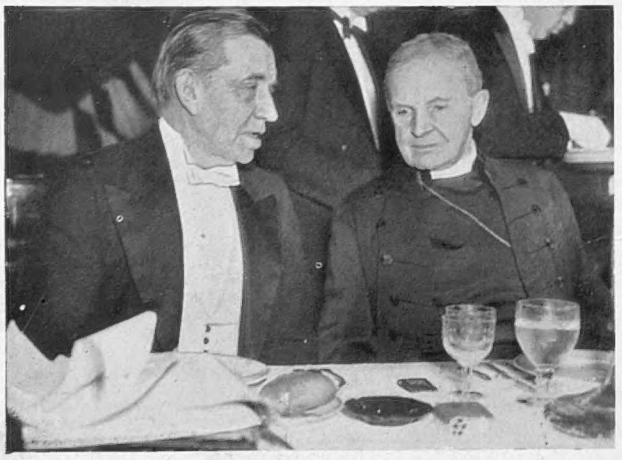


INDIAN OFFICERS AT THE SALUTE during their visit to the Horse Guards Parade to witness last Monday's guard-mounting

FOCAL POINT OF THE FRENCH WEM the site of the largely re-built Tro inspection after opening the Paris Ex of silk hats as notabilities follow



HOW THE GOLDEN CITY MARKED THE OCCASION: Lieut.-Colonel N. E. Poulton, Colonel Deneys Reitz, South Africa's Minister of Agriculture, the Mayor of Johannesburg, and Lieut.-Colonel G. C. A. van Dam, O.C. Witwatersrand Command, watching the Coronation review staged at Ellis Park, Johannesburg



IN NEW YORK ON THE GREAT DAY: Dr. John H. Finley, President of the New York branch of the English Speaking Union, and the Right Reverend James de Wolf Perry, Presiding Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the United States, sitting together at the Coronation banquet held at the Waldorf Astoria

IN MEMORIAM: Miss Prendergast, daughter of the late General Sir Harry Prendergast, seen with Major-General S. G. Loch, of Queen Victoria's Own Madras Sappers and Miners, to whom she presented her father's sword as a gift to the regiment at a ceremony at the Indian contingent's Hampton Court camp

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Mr. Baldwin Bids Farewell to Downing Street

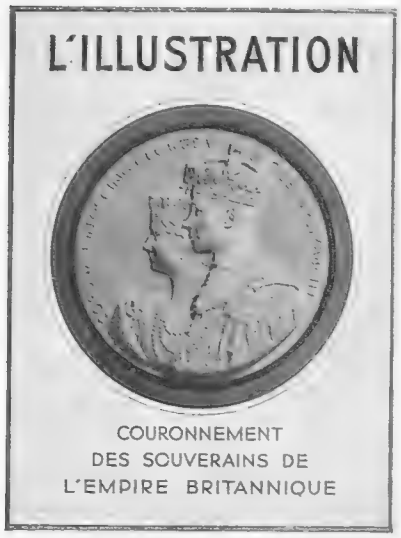
LEADER OF BRITAIN'S NATIONAL GOVERNMENT: Mr. Baldwin, the great Conservative statesman, who leaves active politics at the peak of his popularity

"LESS of the scholar, in the narrower sense, than Gladstone and Peel, he belongs, like them, to the aristocracy of commerce. He loves good art and good literature, but above all he loves nature, and his joy in the sights and sounds and smells of the English countryside is drawn from that quiet worship which is the basis of all true poetry." Thus Sir J. A. R. Marriott has written of Stanley Baldwin, the most widely discussed statesman of our time, who, now after twenty-nine years in Parliament and sixteen arduous years either in the Cabinet or as the leader of the Opposition, retires to the House of Lords taking with him the good wishes of every member of the House he has served so well and of British people of every shade of political opinion. Sane in outlook, moderate in speech, scrupulously fair to his opponents, he has made his way with dignity and determination, time and time again showing his wisdom in moments of crisis, as witness his handling of the General Strike in 1926, the emergency of 1931 when the National Government was formed and, more recently, the Abdication; while during the great war he demonstrated his patriotism in the most practical manner possible by handing over one-fifth of his fortune to the State, a gift estimated at £150,000. It was in October, 1922, that Mr. Baldwin leapt into prominence by a speech which had much to do with the destruction of the Coalition, and it was only seven months later that a big surprise was created when, on Mr. Bonar Law's resignation, he accepted the Premiership, which it was generally thought would be offered to Lord Curzon. Since then he has gone from strength to strength, and now he hands over to his successor at the very peak of his popularity.

The Coronation as Our Neighbours Saw It

A Friendly Gesture from Paris—A Contemporary's Elegant Production

IT is of very great interest, from many angles, to put on record the fact that the premier illustrated paper of France gave up almost the entire issue of May 22 to describing the Coronation of King George and Queen Elizabeth. This number of *L'Illustration* was published a week after the Coronation, and we must compliment our distinguished contemporary on the thoroughness and elegance which characterise the issue. Every important facet of the Coronation is recorded—the black and white illustrations being supplemented by some clever pictures in colour, two of the most outstanding examples being by A. A. Beret. *L'Illustration* had its own correspondents over here, and as it is always interesting to see ourselves as others see us, one has naturally read the description by M. J. Coudurier de Chassaigne, who contributes the main account of the events on Coronation Day, with the keenest attention.



TRIBUTE FROM OVER THE WATER: The attractive front cover of *L'Illustration*, the leading French illustrated paper designed for its elaborate Coronation issue which was published on Saturday, May 22. The colouring is gold, red, black, and cream

With some amount of envy one has to relate that this observer penetrates the whole ceremonial in the Abbey with a sympathetic understanding quite remarkable in its depth and clarity. He begins his brilliant description by drawing the notice of French readers to the supreme moment—of the consecration—returning again to this point more than once. After describing the ease with which each movement was carried out from the young pages to the highest officers of the ceremony the writer, who is lost in admiration of the perfect way in which each tableau unfolds itself and the grace of those familiar with great occasions, remarks that the precision would have moved the envy of a theatrical producer. Little escapes his sympathetic eye—the tears of deep emotion which flow from queenly eyes are without bitterness or sorrow. These are the words he uses:—

"A ce moment, la reine Elizabeth, très grave durant toute la cérémonie, lutte avec peine contre sa profonde émotion, pleure doucement. La reine Mary, audessus d'elle, dans la grande loge royale, ne cache pas les sentiments qui l'étreignent. Elle aussi laisse couler ses larmes et à maintes reprises, durant le sacre, elle essuie ses yeux avec son minuscle mouchoir de dentelle. Je me souviens des larmes qu'elle versa, il y a vingt-six ans, presque à la même place, au moment où son auguste époux, ceint de la couronne d'Edouard le Confesseur par le vénérable Archevêque de Canterbury, se tourna vers elle pour lui lancer un long regard de tendresse et d'amour. Ces larmes de la reine étaient alors sans amertume. La consécration du roi par le représentant de Dieu, voilà ce qui compte essentiellement. Tout le reste de la cérémonie en découle." What a superb piece of descriptive writing is this?

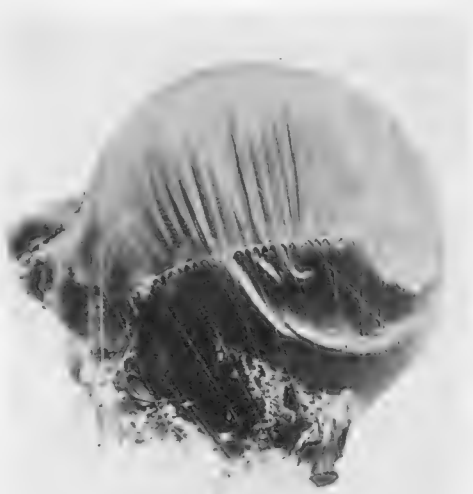
He notes the youthful charm of the little Princesses and the ravishing beauty of the Duchesses:

"Encore quelques instants et voici Leurs Altesses Royales les princes, les princesses de la famille Royale, ayant à leur tête la Princesse Royale, qu' encadrent les petites princesses Elizabeth et Margaret Rose, sérieuses, intimidées, ouvrant les yeux surpris, adorables de grâce enfantine et pourtant déjà si sûres d'elles-mêmes. Derrière s'avancent la duchesse de Gloucester et la duchesse de Kent, toutes deux ravissantes de beauté et de charme; le prince et la princesse Arthur de Connaught, la princesse Alice, lady Patricia Ramsay, la princesse Helena-Victoria et sa sœur la princesse Marie-Louise."

The writer sums up his impression of the perfection of the whole ceremony in the following words of whole-hearted tribute:

"Le sacre de George VI et de la reine Elizabeth appartient maintenant au passé et n' est plus qu'un souvenir précieux, unique; celui d' un couronnement organisé à la perfection dans ses moindres détails et qui, à tous points de vue, restera le modèle, presque impossible à égaler, des couronnements à venir."

THE PASSING OF JOHN D. ROCKEFELLER: The man whose name for so many years has been synonymous with great wealth and great benefactions, died last Sunday at his Florida estate, The Casements, Ormond Beach, at the age of ninety-seven, thus failing to achieve his cherished ambition of living to one hundred. He built up a vaster fortune than had ever been amassed in the western world, and in his heyday personified the immense power of his own creation, the trust; but he will be chiefly remembered as a giver on a scale without parallel



PROFESSOR PICCARD'S BALLOON MEETS WITH DISASTER: The blazing fabric pictured a moment or two after it had caught fire when the famous Swiss scientist was about to make the latest of his experimental ascents from the military airfield at Zellick, near Brussels. The object of the attempt was to find a substitute for hydrogen, and in order to do this the Professor was reverting back to the pioneer principle of balloon lift in which warm air was created inside the envelope by lighting a fire under it. Unfortunately in this case one of the burners came in contact with the fabric and within a few minutes the craft was reduced to a few charred remains. No one was injured

A THRILL FOR COVENTRY'S SCHOOLCHILDREN: Just a few of the 2,000 youngsters from the motor manufacturing town who came to London to see the Coronation decorations

The French Romantic School in Art

An Important Exhibition in London

OVER eighty drawings of the French Romantic School, coming mainly from a single collection in Paris, are now attracting much attention at an exhibition at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond Street. The collection is largely composed of examples of the water-colours of three artists, Constantin Guys and two others whose work is little known in England, Gavarni and Edouard de Beaumont.

"LA TABATIÈRE": A fine example of the work of Gavarni in the exhibition of drawings of the French Romantic School now being held at Walker's Galleries, 118 New Bond Street

Gavarni (1804–1866), the more famous and greater of these two, so wonderfully captured the Parisian spirit but rarely understood the English character. As an interpreter of what is now known as the Romantic Period he had no equal. The artist's real name was Guillaume Sulpice Chevalier, and there are two stories of how he came to acquire his *nom-de-brosse*. One is that he offered some of his sketches to Susse, a picture dealer, who agreed to buy them if the artist would sign them: on the impulse of a moment, it is said, he took up a pen and wrote on them "Gavarni," the pseudonym over which his sketches were to become so celebrated. The other story is that when the artist sent a water-colour to the Salon in 1829 a writer mistook the name of the place depicted for that of the artist, calling him "Gavarni." From that time, however, with the exception of his establishing the *Journal des gens du Monde*, which proved a bad commercial speculation, and led to his being imprisoned for debt at Clichy, Gavarni's career was very successful. Later he worked for some years in England. An artist of genius, sensibility, and observation he made gentle fun of his beloved Parisians without any trace of malice, which neither periodic poverty nor occasional enforced visits to the debtors' prison could modify.

"LA PRINCESSE LÉONIE DE BETHUNE": The work of another French Romantic, Jean Baptiste Isabey (1767–1855), who enjoyed the patronage of the Court under Napoleon I and also after the Restoration

"MONSIEUR PRUD'HOMME" by Henry Bonaventure Monnier (1805–1877) who created on canvas and on the stage many amusing characters. He was a friend of George Cruikshank

SOUTHAMPTON'S THIRTY-ACRE CAMP FOR THE BILBAO REFUGEES

Empire Coronation Troops See Progress of Military Mechanisation—Field-Marshal von Blomberg Inspects British Tanks

A HOME FROM HOME FOR SPAIN'S REFUGEE CHILDREN: The vast camp at North Stoneham, near Southampton, prepared for the reception of the 4,000 Spanish girls and boys shipped there from the beleaguered Basque city of Bilbao. About 300 voluntary helpers gave up their Whitsun holiday to get the 30-acre camp ready, assisting in erecting the 200 bell tents and the various marquee dining places. The sending of these youngsters has caused a certain amount of uneasiness in this country and only a few days ago an English business man who had just returned to London after many years spent in Northern Spain expressed the view that the refugees should be kept from all contact with British children as the great majority of them, he said, "are definitely 'reds,' constantly using the Communist clenched-fist salute and completely revolutionary in outlook. To allow them too much freedom over here would be most harmful"

BRITAIN'S MILITARY MIGHT ON PARADE: Indians inspecting a pneumatic-tyred 6-in. howitzer during their visit to Pirbright Camp last week when, together with the other Dominion and Colonial troops over here for the Coronation, they were given a demonstration of the progress of the mechanisation of the Army, being shown all the most up-to-date equipment, including the new Bren light automatic guns, armoured reconnaissance cars, and a host of other innovations

JAPANESE SAILORS PLAY IN HYDE PARK: Members of the naval band provided by the cruiser *Asigara* (which came over for the Spithead Review) pictured as they gave excerpts from their repertoire in the bandstand near the Serpentine; an entertainment that drew thousands of Londoners to the Park. This was the first time that foreign performers had ever appeared there

THE GERMAN WAR MINISTER AT BOVINGTON: Field-Marshal von Blomberg, Germany's official representative at the Coronation, inspecting a tank during his visit to the Dorsetshire camp. He also saw early types of tank used against the Germans

REVIVED

Staterooms Renovated a

THE EVENING DRAWING-ROOM RESTORED: One of the most important of Holyrood's State apartments as it appears to-day following the important improvements carried out by the Office of Works in order to make this ancient Scottish Palace a more worthy residence for the King and Queen and the High Commissioner to the General Assembly on their visits to Edinburgh. The beautiful wall tapestries now have a setting of oak panelling instead of the un-modish wallpaper which formerly distracted the eye, while a seventeenth-century iron grate and an electric chandelier, copied from the well-known silver chandelier in the King's Presence Chamber at Hampton Court, have also been installed. The period furniture has been purchased by the Duke of Atholl with funds placed at his disposal by the Privy Purse

THE EVENING DRAWING-ROO
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of Works. The elabora

On right—THE HOLYROOD HIGH CONSTABLES arriving at the Palace for the Levee held there by Lord Kinnaird, the Lord High Commissioner, on May 18, the morning of the opening of the National Assembly of the Church of Scotland. *Below*—Lord and Lady Kinnaird leaving Holyrood

THE SPACIOUS DINING-ROOM where the King and Queen will entertain on their visits to Edinburgh, which in future, it is understood, are likely to be more frequent than in the past twenty-five years. Formerly it was necessary for the King to bring his own plate and linen from London on each visit but, thanks to a gift of £10,000 worth of household goods from the late Sir Alexander Grant, given to commemorate King George V's Silver Jubilee, Holyrood is now to be fully equipped in this direction

SPLENDOURS OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE

Improvements in Domestic Arrangements Render Edinburgh's Royal Residence More Habitable—The Late Sir Alexander Grant's Gift of Plate

BEFORE RESTORATION: A picture comparing interesting the improvements recently carried out by the Office seventeenth-century plaster ceiling has not been touched

IN STATE APARTMENT NO. 21 where the Office of Works has also carried out important alterations, giving Holyrood a new splendour in keeping with its importance as "Edinburgh's Buckingham Palace." Wherever new electric light and other fitments have been added they have been modelled on period designs

THE MORNING DRAWING-ROOM with its rich tapestries, tapestry-upholstered furniture, and seventeenth-century plaster ceiling is one of the finest of the State apartments. The tapestries, it will be noted, now have diffused lighting, thus making it possible for visitors to appreciate the full beauty of their detail. *On left*—Stateroom No. 25, also having a number of rare tapestries adorning its walls, is rather more ornate in its decorative scheme. In addition to the alterations in these apartments, the Office of Works has also devoted much time and attention to the improvement of the kitchens and servants' quarters, while the existing staircase has been remodelled and a lift has been installed for the use of Their Majesties

ALBANIA

Only her sisters in the towns found it necessary to veil their faces from the eyes of Turkish invaders and masters. The Albanian Government stresses this fact as it clearly shows that the veil is not an Albanian custom.

AN EXAMPLE TO THE PEOPLE: Princess Myzeyen, Princess Ruhije, and Princess Maxhide—the three unmarried sisters of King Zog—pictured during their visit to Scutari before the introduction of the law calling upon all Albanians to renounce the veil. It was felt that their presence in this centre of Muhammadanism, clad as they were in the height of fashion, would do much to persuade women of the city that observance of the new legislation would entail no loss of prestige

AS an important step towards freedom, education, and modern culture Albanian women were forced by law to unveil their faces as from March 25 onwards. Roughly three quarters of Albania's total population are Muhammadans. Town-dwellers and those in close contact with cities adopted the veil many centuries ago. Turkish dominion made it even a necessity for Roman Catholic women in Shkodra (Scutari) to adopt a form of veil.

The veil and its attendant customs of seclusion for women are one of the main retarding factors in the development of any modern country where veiled women are in a majority or people the important centres. Recognising this the Albanian Government issued recommendations some ten years ago requesting women to abolish the veil. King Zog's royal sisters were among the first to unveil. Modern Muhammadans throughout the country followed suit, but a large number of families stuck to tradition; taking their daughters out of school at twelve, veiling them, and keeping them secluded till they were safely delivered into the hands of their husbands. In some cases the parents even refused to send their daughters to the elementary schools; the authorities were powerless, illiteracy continued in spite of the Government's efforts.

Thursday, March 25, put an end to this. From then on husbands or fathers found to be keeping their women-folk at home will be punished with imprisonment. A veiled woman will be given a heavy fine. But even ten years of gradual preparation have not sufficed to break with an age-old custom. Some women will prefer to stay at home rather than show their faces to the world. But this, it is hoped, will not be for long.

I was in Albania a few days before the law for unveiling came into force. Veiled women passed rapidly along the streets of Tirana and Shkodra. Even the side-walks of Dures (Durazzo) were frequented by veiled ghosts. But out in the country the Albanian peasant woman showed her face, proudly. No Albanian peasant woman, whether Muhammadan, Catholic, or Orthodox, has ever gone veiled.

EMANCIPATED: A young Albanian woman of to-day. She belongs to an enlightened family, never having worn the veil, but was married at sixteen in the traditional manner, without seeing her husband prior to her engagement. Before long even this practice may be abolished

KING ZOG I, Albania's young monarch who came to the throne in 1928 after having served as President of the Albanian Republic since 1925. From the outset he introduced liberal legislation, but all along has aroused a certain amount of opposition on account of his Italophile policy, and only last week a serious revolt was reported in the southern province of the country

FIRESIDE ENTERTAINMENT: Although Albania has many well-to-do inhabitants are possessors of wireless sets and listen to stations. The daughter of the house, it will be seen,

UNVEILS

The Latest Step Forward in the Westernisation of this Backward Land which Still Remains a Stronghold of the Muhammadan Faith in Europe

Described and Illustrated by A. A. Gulliland

In Shkodra I found great excitement under the surface. A committee of Government officials' wives had been formed to arrange an outing, a demonstration to show the townsfolk that decent women could also go unveiled. A visit to the cinema was arranged for all those who had gone veiled until then; this being the first such visit in their lives. On the other hand conservative families quickly posted banns to be able to perform the civil marriage of their daughters before they would be forced to show their faces to the registrar. The energetic Muhammadan Prefect of Shkodra, however, ordered that the bride-to-be must unveil, but he allowed the registrar to open his office an hour before the ordinary time. Many availed themselves of the opportunities, others decided to wait until the date of the actual marriage which in some cases was fixed for two years hence.

Albania is making every effort to catch up with the rest of Europe. But in a country where there are no railways, no inter-urban telephones, only a few roads, and where the State only started to organise education three years ago, things are extremely difficult. Money is required on all sides. But the decision to break with the veil is one of the most revolutionary reforms in Albania since King Zog came to power. There is much opposition on the part of the older people. The younger generation is rejoicing and hopes this step is only a beginning.

No Albanian woman of the older school has a will of her own; this of course with exceptions which prove the rule. Her father's say and later that of her husband are law for her. The Government employs only five women officials in all its services, less than 1 per cent. The tradition of the veil has prevented many girls from seeing beyond the walls of their houses. Their marriages are often arranged even before they are born.

Our correspondent concludes with a belief that the young generation shows promise and enterprise. The number of young Albanian girls from the towns studying at European universities will increase and they will return to their country in ever increasing numbers to help educate their mothers and aunts and to take what our correspondent calls "their proper place in the scheme of modern life."

Our correspondent finally records the inevitable price — "the picturesque costumes of Shkodra will disappear to make room for those of a more enlightened generation."

AN EDUCATIONAL PROBLEM: A group of youthful graduates in a teaching course watching a lesson in progress at an Albanian State primary school. There is a great shortage of teachers in the country and immense efforts are being made at the moment to make good the deficiency so that the Government may carry out its programme of providing an education for all children from the ages of six to thirteen. Italian is now compulsory

IN TRADITIONAL COSTUME: Her Royal Highness Princess Dane, a niece of King Zog. She was educated in England, *On right* —A peasant woman from the neighbourhood of Scutari. Like most of the country-folk she goes unveiled. It is only in the towns that veiling has held full sway

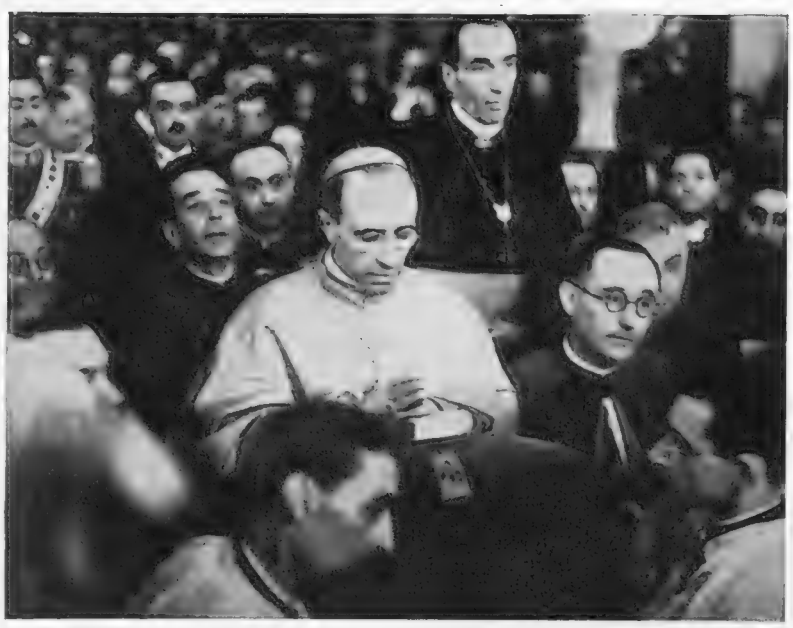
broadcasting station of its own, many of the more well-in to the neighbouring Austrian, Yugoslavian, and Italian unveiled, but her mother still adheres to traditional dress

THE PRINCESSES OF THE BLOOD ROYAL IN ARMY KIT: Princesses Myzeyen, Ruhije, and Maxhide—King Zog's three unmarried sisters—with Xhemal Aranitasi, Commander-in-Chief of the Albanian forces. His army consists of 800 officers and 13,000 other ranks. It is fairly well equipped, having 22 batteries of artillery

CARDINAL PACELLI: PRIEST OF DESTINY

The Papal Secretary of State who is Fighting for the Church's Rights in Germany

An Experienced Diplomatist of Genius, Magnetism, and Driving Force



ORGANISING GENIUS OF THE HOLY SEE: His Eminence Cardinal Pacelli, the Papal Secretary of State, one of whose mighty tasks it is to combat the anti-religious movement that has gained such a hold in Germany since the advent of the Nazis. From now on, writes Ferdinand Tuohy, he will figure as an "intensely interesting and important personage in the European drama"

By FERDINAND TUOHY

MORE than ever in the past do world affairs evolve round personalities. We witness the fact uninterruptedly. The two latest to take their seats among the mighty have been Paul van Zeeland and Cardinal Pacelli; Mr. Chamberlain, we must presume, was already there. There is food for thought in the circumstance that he whom Hitler, Ludendorff, Streicher, and others at the head of German neo-Paganism, will have to conquer served no less than twelve years as representative of the Pope in Germany and that subsequent to this service it was the same prelate, now Secretary of State at the Vatican, who contracted on behalf of the Holy See the Concordat with the Third Reich which has since been fractured all ends up by the Nazis.

Whether or not he is cast to be the next Pontiff, Cardinal Pacelli figures from now on as an intensely interesting and important personage in the European drama. As a matter of fact, if precedent means anything he is utterly unlikely to succeed to the throne of Peter, in that in all the 2,000 years of the Papacy but one Secretary of State attained that eminence—the monk Hildebrand who became Gregory VII in 1073. This century Cardinals Rampolla, Merry del Val, and Gasparri finished up nowhere in the Conclave, and Cardinal Pacelli, from a combination of humility and wanting to persevere with his present urgent task, is said to be light of heart when he ponders the fact.

Yet, as things stand, owing to the state of health of Pius XI coupled with his own international experience, summoned to confront extraordinary times and happenings, the Cardinal is playing a considerably bigger role than any of his predecessors have done, for generations past. The tangled delicacy of the terrain upon which he has been called to operate needs small emphasis. On the one hand we see him as the soul, the inspirer of the burning papal crusade against Communism. This should inevitably side him up with two other violently anti-Communist forces, Fascism and the Nazis. But it doesn't. This priestly diplomat observes simultaneously the head of his country daily seeking to strengthen every tie with a land whose Government is openly resolved to obliterate Catholic upbringing of the young, which is as good as resolved, it would seem, to stamp on that faith only less so than it has trodden Jewry underfoot.

Will the Rock of Peter stand? For the Nazis to give in at this stage would be to hoist a fatal distress signal, so thoroughly has anti-Christianity been incorporated in the party programme. The Führer may soft-pedal for a time by Mussolinian request, but he can hardly now retreat. No less so, is the Vatican likely ever to surrender in this war of religion, in which the German Evangelical Church is being drawn more and more to the side of its Catholic neighbour in distress. What *is* likely to be the upshot then? More than any man Cardinal Pacelli must hold the answer. Possibly also a good deal of the answer to totalitarian and racial regimes in general, since if any one thing seems assured it is that in precipitating this religious issue or challenge dictatorship has bitten off the biggest morsel yet, for chewing. Some are even already wondering how long may be delayed an encyclical declaring that the Lateran Treaty has been broken in the spirit if not in the letter, even as the Concordat with the Nazis has been violated in both. In his last phase Pope Pius must be an awfully worried man. *Should* he ever have linked up with probably ephemeral political regimes based on force and untruth?

The delicate terrain upon which Cardinal Pacelli has to operate is so clear. Fortunately for the Holy See, it possesses in its present political chief a quite exceptional brain which has been trained for nearly forty years in the subtle and devious ways of European high diplomacy.

Eugenio Pacelli was born in 1876 of a family belonging to the "black" nobility and long known for its devotion to the Holy See. His grandfather was Under-Secretary to the Interior under Pius IX until the Papal States ceased to exist in 1870. His father was a Vatican lawyer, as are three nephews to-day, while a brother, Francesco, was made a Marquis for valuable cooperation in the Lateran Agreement. So that the young Eugenio had St. Peter's and the Vatican in his blood. Yet it was a surprise when he opted for the Gregorian University, meaning the priesthood. The high degree of scholarship in law that he had attained had, it was thought, marked him out for that realm. Graduating in 1898, he said his first Mass at the age of twenty-two, and forthwith was taken into the Sacred Congregation of Extraordinary Ecclesiastical Affairs, which he was not to abandon for nearly nineteen years. In that time three Popes had occasion to note the young priest's capabilities—Leo XIII, Pius X, and Benedict XV.

But it was Cardinal Gasparri (who used to be so nice to people from England) who took the future Secretary of State under his wing and may be said really to have formed him. Throughout those nineteen years the two collaborated in the gigantic work of the codification of canon law, the partnership only slackening towards the end on Gasparri's being made Secretary of State to Benedict, in 1914. Three years later it was the turn of the pupil to start, with a bound, on the upward track when successively in 1917 Pope Benedict consecrated the forty-year-old canon law expert titular Archbishop of Sardi and directly afterwards sent him to Munich as Nuncio.

It was in the thick of the war and the very first thing the new Nuncio had to do was to proceed to the Kaiser's Spa headquarters, there to deliver the Pope's abortive Peace Note sent to all belligerents. Its bearer returned to Munich and thereafter set himself to organising the exchange of prisoners of war. He lived through Bavaria's tragic happenings after the Armistice and it is more than probable that Cardinal Pacelli's extreme anti-Communism derives in part at least from what he witnessed during the Kurt Eisner revolution. Actually he was more than a witness for on two occasions the Nunciature was attacked, once by machine-gunners and again when an armed band inrupted. The Nuncio faced his invaders, denied the presence of monarchists on the premises, and so won the Reds' respect that they quit.

During four years, 1920–24, Mgr Pacelli laboriously negotiated for a Concordat with Bavaria and on this being at long last achieved he was dispatched as Nuncio to Berlin where he was to repeat exactly the same task in the same lapse of time with the result that when, in 1929, eventuated the Concordat with Prussia he was rewarded with the Cardinal's hat and a recall to Rome to assume the mantle of the failing Gasparri. Cardinal Pacelli was fifty-three when he rose to his present post and it can fairly be said that few foreigners know the German people better than he, after such dozen years as befell him in the Fatherland. Great sympathy he is known to have for the German people, but then, he has also to defend and protect over 20,000,000 Catholics in the Reich. We hear a lot of the Rome–Berlin axis. An "axis" of another hue might henceforth be written down as that of Pacelli-Ludendorff, so positively does Hitler appear to be teaming up with the General's paganism.

THE PAPAL SECRETARY OF STATE: Another impression of Cardinal Pacelli whose forty years of training in the subtle and devious ways of European high diplomacy have fitted him so well for the present battle he is waging for the Faith

And now let us contemplate this priest of destiny, this vitally important Prince of the Church, as he directs to-day in his magnificent Secretariat of State, every rung in the ladder of which department he has climbed during thirty-seven years.

A tall and slender figure whose lean features suggest the ascetic, the austere. But Cardinal Pacelli is not that, rather a vivacious prelate of the world, endowed with much charm of manner and with what Americans would just call the go-getting instinct. An accomplished diplomatist possessing magnetism, driving force, and mental agility quite out of the ordinary run. An organiser who knows how to get people to work for him. One remaining essentially humble and modest in success and whose personal piety, goodness, and earnestness are by-words in Rome. A very learned man versed in German, French, English, Spanish, and Portuguese besides classical Greek and Latin. Among the Church's finest preachers. An extensive traveller—he was in the delegation to George V's Coronation and has since taken in North and South America in addition to several European countries.

The Cardinal invariably spends his summer vacation in a religious house on Lake Constance where his hobby is walking He used to be an enthusiastic horseman and swimmer, but now it has to be walking, and most mornings in the year, no matter what the weather, the Secretary of State is to be seen sturdily stepping out in the Villa Borghese, Rome's lovely public garden. As a fact, few ever do see His Eminence, because the stepping out is down at the untimely hour of four in the morning.

A second release from the cares and weight of office the Cardinal will take in the form of visiting the sylvan estate of the Duchess Nicholas Brady along the Aurelian Way. The Cardinal can come and go as he chooses, and no one interrupts him as he paces up and down the terrace, perhaps through most of an afternoon, deep in his reading. Should it rain, he repairs to a cloistered walk.

Cardinal Pacelli comes immediately after the Pope in the hierarchy, and is in reality Prime as well as Foreign Minister.

In the wider world the Cardinal relies on forty-one Nuncios and twenty-three Apostolic Delegates, whose principal business it is to seek after Concordats, or, failing such, a *modus vivendi* with the countries to which they are accredited. The object of each of these forms of agreement is the same—the right of the Vatican to nominate bishops in all cases and the recognition by each State of "catholic action" or the apostolic rights of the laity as organised under the direction of the hierarchy. It is here, in particular, where Hitler has enunciated a mighty *Nein!*

It is as certain as most things can be that no change of Secretary of State will occur should a new Pontiff appear on the scene in the immediate times ahead. Usually, in fact nearly always, there is such a change. But apart from his popularity with his fellow cardinals the present holder of the office is unanimously recognised by them as being the best equipped to stand up to the acute pressure being exerted from more than one quarter on the Church, a pressure not always so glaringly visible as it happens to be in the case of the Third Reich.

IN TOKYO THIS SPRING

News from the Japanese Capital—the "Divine Wind" Fires Public Imagination—Helen Keller's visit—Princess Atsuko Goes to School

JAPAN REJOICES IN THE SUCCESS OF HER AIRMEN: A glimpse of the crowd that assembled in front of the offices of the *Asahi Shimbun*, one of the leading Tokyo newspapers, to hear the broadcast from London by the record-breaking flyers Masaaki Iinuma and Kenji Tsukagoshi who had flown their Japanese-built monoplane *Kamekaze* (Divine Wind) the 9,900 miles from Tokyo to Croydon in 3 days, 22 hours, 18 minutes, carrying with them Coronation greetings to King George from the Emperor Hirohito. Their success has not only aroused enthusiasm, but has also given a stimulus to aircraft construction in Japan

A ROYAL "BLACK MONDAY": Princess Atsuko, third daughter of the Japanese Emperor and Empress, pictured as she was about to leave the Palace for her first day at the Peeress' School, where nearly all the members of Japan's nobility send their daughters for preliminary training

HANDS THAT HEAR: Helen Keller, the noted American authoress and conqueror of her triple affliction as a blind deaf mute, seen at a recent reception held in her honour at the Hibiya Public Hall, when she followed the music of a flautist by feeling the flute's vibrations with her fingers

REVUE GIRLS OF NIPPON: Members of the chorus in action at one of the theatres where a semi-western type of entertainment is now in favour. Not so long ago the theatre in Japan was regarded as a plebeian institution, being looked down upon by the aristocracy; but to-day, with the introduction of so many European ideas into the country, it is held in high esteem by all classes and almost vies with the cinema in popularity. On the 8th, 18th, and 28th of each month, when the shop assistants have a free afternoon, these places are nearly invariably packed to capacity

A "CLEAN" ELECTION! Patrons of this public bath in the Ginza (Tokyo's Piccadilly) read on the curtain at the entrance an appeal for a display of the true Japanese spirit in the coming General Election. The results, which were announced on May 2, constituted a serious reverse for the Government, but the Premier afterwards stated he intended to remain in office

SYMBOLS OF MILITARISM: A seller of toy machine guns in his booth within the vast enclosure of the Asakusa Kwannon, one of the most important of the metropolitan temples and a popular resort of the proletariat, where there is a sort of Coney Island with a score or more cheap theatres, aquariums, cycloramas, wax-work displays, and other side shows

SOCIETY WEDDING: Mr. Morisada Hosokawa, heir to the Marquis Moritatsu Hosokawa and a student of Kyoto Imperial University, with his bride Miss Yoshiko Konoye, second daughter of Prince Funimaro Konoye, President of the House of Peers, who were recently married in Tokyo

Morning Coats De Rigueur in the

OXFORD GROUP

A Close-up Impression of Dr. Buchman's Religious Revival Movement; its Aims, Aspirations, and the Extent of its Following

BY CHARLES GRAVES

IT has been evident for at least a year that a religious revival was due in Europe. Paganism in Germany, fascism in Italy, atheism in Russia, communism and the destruction of the churches in Spain, and the worship of gold in France have made this inevitable. Meantime, the week-end habit in Great Britain, with the consequent substitution of golf courses for church services, has almost guaranteed that the new movement would not be originated by the Church of England. Publicity, too, having become one of the strongest forces in the world, any professional prophet could have forecast with assurance that a new religious movement would be sponsored by an American. He would not even have had to be a brave man to hazard correctly that the new religion would be given a distinguished tag and be dressed up in all the latest cliches. In fact, if H. G. Wells had troubled to prophesy about the religious trend of this epoch, he would almost certainly have been able to invent in advance the Oxford Group. Dr. Buchman, its founder, is an American. Oxford still has a reputation for classical learning. It also has a number of Doctors of Divinity. True, the success of Lord Nuffield at Cowley has overshadowed the educative side of the City of Spires; nevertheless, Oxford was the obvious place with which to associate the new movement. Some people may ask why Cambridge would not have been equally desirable as a label. Speaking as an Oxford man, I also voice the question.

To prevent any personal feelings from affecting a fair view of the Oxford Group it is, perhaps, a good plan to allow you to judge the Oxford Group by a selection from its own official history. Here are some *Notes on the growth of the Oxford Group, 1921 to 1927*: "In 1921 as he went about in Oxford, Frank Buchman had constantly with him a promise of national awakening in a score of years. Sixteen years have passed and the Oxford Group, which came into being in the rooms of Loudon Hamilton at Christchurch, Oxford, has brought national awakening not to one, but to many countries, and has become a powerful influence in more than fifty lands.

"In Oxford there gathered around Buchman and Hamilton that group of determined men who have carried the Oxford Group's message of spiritual reconstruction into every country of the world. The first national impact of their work was in South Africa. Six returning Rhodes Scholars carried news of the Group at Oxford and were promptly christened by the South African press 'The Oxford Group.'"

Let us now turn to a publication entitled *The Drums of Peace* (price 1s.). On page 7 we find an article by Beverley Nichols in the course of which he writes:—"In the most unlikely places (on the Continent) I found men and women who were eager to know more about the Group. One of the queerest cases was a little Hungarian travelling from Budapest to Vienna, who was so excited by the first principle of 'absolute honesty' that he produced quantities of smuggled cigarettes from his suitcase and ran along to present them to the Customs officer. The officer was a very fierce man, gorgeously clad, like an animated Christmas tree. But he was so overcome by this unwonted exhibition of honesty that tears came into his eyes. He shook the little Hungarian warmly by the hand and swore that this occasion should undoubtedly mark the beginning of an Austro-Hungarian entente."

Let us turn to another pamphlet. This purports to give the conversation between "a typical product of modern life" and the author, Mr. Hallen Viney. We can skip the first few pages and arrive at the state where "the typical product of modern life" wishes to get into touch with the Deity. The answer is "You have to make up your mind to give God complete control of your life. . . . . Do you really mean business? If so, God will see you through." "What does that imply in practice?" "For one thing it means getting up earlier to listen to God. An alarm clock may be a help. If you feel chained to your bed, put the clock out of reach across the room." "How long shall I listen?" "As long as you feel you need. Most of us began with a few minutes and find we need an hour or so now. Some people sit up in bed with a pencil and notebook, others dress first."

HEAVEN'S DAILY ORDERS are received each morning in a self-induced reverie. An interesting aspect of the manner in which the members of the Oxford Group practise their faith

We now turn to a 3d. pamphlet (the previous one costs 2d.). Let me quote:—

"It's Tom and Dick and Harry's sin
"That's brought us to the mess we're in.

"Materialism—moral rot, that's the real enemy. . . . It has made the world mad. We of this New Enlistment are out to stop the rot. We start with ourselves. You don't stand much chance of curing a sick world if you are an infectious case of the disease yourself.

"You can't make a good omelette out of bad eggs.

"Do you know what moral rot is? It is compromise—flirtation with anything in yourself or in the world that does not come up to Christ's standards of absolute honesty, absolute purity, absolute unselfishness, and absolute love—often things that seem neither black nor white but just grey. Doubtful linen is dirty linen.

"We need God-control. To be controlled by God is normal. . . . If you don't get God's orders every day, you are missing the whole point of being alive.

"A young business man listening to God for the first time expected to get a few beautiful thoughts, or perhaps a text. The only thought that he got was: 'Pay back to the insurance company the money you got on that false claim.' . . . His first day of listening to God cost him £20.

"Write down the orders God gives you each day. The Chinese say: 'The strongest memory is weaker than the palest ink.'"

BUCHMANITE PROPAGANDA: An Oxford Group bookstall for the distribution of its literature

G.H.Q. OF THE OXFORD GROUP: Brown's Hotel where Dr. Buchman has his headquarters

There is a good deal more about God-control. There are various other efforts to dress up religious platitudes in modern parables connected with wireless-sets, telephone calls, and the like. But enough of that. I think that a brief experience the other evening will crystallise the Oxford Group simply enough.

I met an earnest young member of the Group and asked him to tell me all about it. He kindly suggested that I should go to Brown's Hotel and drive down with him to Mount Clare, where Lady Antrim, Lady Sybil Smith, and Mrs. Francis Rodd were to be At Home. "Of course, you must wear a morning coat," was his injunction. I didn't; but no matter. I arrived at Brown's Hotel, and was introduced to a number of members of the Oxford Group. This is part of the technique. Individual strangers are subjected to simultaneous conversations with half-a-dozen members of the Oxford Group. Those that are led up to you are usually hand-picked, being actually graduates at Oxford, though why this should be regarded as a recommendation I don't know.

We drove down to Mount Clare, which is a completely charming house in beautiful grounds. Practically every one was in a morning coat. That made me a trifle suspicious, particularly when one thought of the headquarters at Brown's Hotel. One began to feel that the Oxford Group was a religion of spats. I said to my bear-leader "How do you reconcile the maxim in the New Testament about giving all to the poor, with luxury headquarters in Mayfair?" "That was an injunction to a rich snob and had no general significance whatsoever," was the amazing reply.

A moment later I asked him how he would describe the Oxford Group. "We are not an organisation," was the reply. "You can call us a revolution or an organism. We represent, in fact, an individual mobilisation of resources." "Is that impromptu?" I asked. "Certainly. It was a flash message I received as I spoke to you," was the still more astonishing retort. A moment later Dr. Buchman was introduced to me. He was most charming and wore pince-nez. "Will you give me a direct answer to an hypothetical question?" I asked. "Most certainly." "Supposing I forcibly removed your pince-nez and trod them into the parquet, what would you do?" Dr. Buchman blinked. "I would certainly not lose my temper," he said, after a moment's thought. "I would probably shake hands with you." I then asked him what, in his opinion, would be the best definition of the Oxford Group, supposing the Oxford Dictionary incorporated it. "The function of the Oxford Group is naturally to meet the needs of the other fellow whatever he does, without talking too good or appearing too wise—finding out what he wants and releasing him," said Dr. Buchman. I asked the meaning of "release." "If you understood the Oxford Group you would at once understand what I mean," said he, adding "this is a revolution and a renaissance, not just a religion. It is more than a religion. It is the rebirth of a nation. Excuse me a moment, I must speak to the Baron. He is my guest." Up jumped Dr. Buchman and he did not return for some minutes. He rejoined me later, but was continuously going over to speak to ladies of title.

I made an effort, it is true, to find out about the House Party system, which is one of the chief religious units of the Oxford Group. Dr. Buchman had so many other guests, however, that I had to turn to Mr. Petrocokino. Mr. Petrocokino is a Greek who was at Exeter College, Oxford, who had been on a House Party at Malvern. There were

(*Continued on page* 488)

RULERS OF ENGLAND REVEALED IN PORTRAIT BUSTS

Vivid Sculptures in an Exhibition by the Victoria and Albert Museum in Honour of the Coronation

GEORGE II, BY MICHAEL RYSBRACK (1693–1770): This bust in the Victoria and Albert Museum's Coronation Exhibition gives a vivid impression of the King's character

GEORGE III BY PETER TURNERELLI (1774–1839): The work of an English sculptor of Italian descent who, during his years spent at Court, executed many busts of members of the Royal Family and other notables

THE Kings and Queens of England Exhibition, now being held at the Victoria and Albert Museum in honour of the Coronation, is making a strong appeal to Londoners and visitors to London, not only because of its topicality but by reason of the fine selection of portrait busts on view, most of which are the works of artists contemporaneous with their subjects, and give particularly vivid impressions of the personalities of our rulers, more vivid, indeed, than many of the paintings included in the display.

GEORGE I, a bust in ivory by David le Marchand, an English craftsman

The Exhibition consists entirely of works of art gathered together from the different departments of the Museum, but, as the museum-goer will readily appreciate, it is an enormous advantage to see the various items gathered together in one spot instead of having to hunt for them through the long corridors and galleries. Particular attention has been paid to the reign of Victoria, in view of the fact that this year marks the century of her accession, several portraits of her being included.

THE LORD PROTECTOR: Joseph Wilton's bust of Oliver Cromwell, signed and dated 1762. Wilton was an original foundation member of the Royal Academy and for a number of years was sculptor to King George III

PORTSMOUTH'S SEARCHLIGHT PARADE

SPECIALLY DRAWN FOR "THE SPHERE" BY ROWLAND HILDER

Last week's pageant at Spithead held the crowds spellbound from noon to midnight, and of all its incidents, which thronged so closely one upon another, the fleet's searchlight display, depicted here by Rowland Hilder, was certainly among the most dramatic, firing the imagination by its sheer beauty. At a given signal the glow of the illuminated warships faded from the sea in a sudden black-out, only to return with renewed splendour as hundreds of searchlights sprang simultaneously into life, their beams criss-crossing against the sky and forming pattern after pattern, as in accordance with a pre-arranged plan, they swept proudly from the heights down to sea-level and then back to the heights again, there remaining poised for a few glorious moments. On the left of this picture can be seen the battleship *Nelson*, flagship of the Home Fleet, and in centre the giant bulk of the *Rodney*

PERSONALITIES at SPITHEAD

The Royal Family and the Government's Guests

THE KING RECEIVES ON THE QUARTER DECK OF THE ROYAL YACHT: His Majesty, in the uniform of Admiral of the Fleet, with the Commander of the *Asigara*, the 10,000-ton heavy cruiser sent by Japan to represent her at the Naval Review

THE ROYAL PARTY: The Queen and the Duke of Kent (centre) and Lord Louis Mountbatten (left) and Princess Elizabeth pictured aboard the *Victoria and Albert* before the start of the Review

INDIAN NOTABILITIES ABOARD THE P. AND O. LINER "STRATHMORE": Left to right—the Prince of Kapurthala, the Nawab of Palanpur, the Maharaja Jam Saheb of Nawanagar, the Maharaja of Jodhpur, and the Maharanee of Nawanagar

On right—RULERS OF THE KING'S NAVY: Sir Samuel Hoare (left), the First Lord of the Admiralty, and Admiral of the Fleet Sir Ernle Chatfield, First Sea Lord and Chief of the Naval Staff, together aboard the Admiralty yacht, *Enchantress*. Sir Ernle was raised to the peerage in the Coronation Honours List

THE MAHARAJA AND MAHARANEE OF CHOTAUDEBUR watched from the *Vandyck* while the Lord Mayor of London's party (*on left*) was on board the *London*

THE COUNTESS OF MALMESBURY and Miss Mary Fitzroy also had a privileged viewpoint on the deck of the Government chartered liner, *Vandyck*, which was stationed near the head of "G" line close to the United States battleship, *New York*

PYROTECHNIC PERFECTION OF THE ILLUMINATIONS

Searchlights and Rockets Create Scenes of Fairylike Splendour on the Night of the Spithead Review

A RIOT OF FIERY COLOUR as ships of the fleet sent up a shower of rockets, one section in red, another in white, and a third in blue. A composite picture of one of many dramatic moments in the illuminations on the night of the Naval Review at Spithead when huge crowds flocked to Portsmouth and the Isle of Wight to see the greatest electrical display for years. It was an ambitious scene on the grand scale and the fairy beauty of it all was enhanced by the blackness of the night and the stillness of the sea

FROM THE DECK OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH": Looking across the calm stretch of water to the battleship, *Barham*, as she fired her coloured rockets into the sky for them to rain down in a gay cascade

A GIANT'S GRACEFUL GESTURE: An interesting episode on Review day when the U.S. battleship *New York* dipped her stars and stripes to return the salute of a motor boat dipping her red ensign. The *New York* served in British waters during the great war

d

KING GEORGE REVIEWS HIS MEN-OF-WAR IN SPITHEAD ROADS

A Great Naval Occasion Specially Depicted for "The Sphere" by the Marine Artist, Montague Dawson

On Thursday of last week (May 20), in breezy weather, King George reviewed the varied ships of his Navy, passing in the Royal yacht down the lines of assembled warcraft whose crews greeted him with salvoes from their guns and with round after round of full-throated cheers. In this painting, made specially for "The Sphere" by Montague Dawson, the well-known marine artist shows one phase of this great naval occasion, depicting the scene as the *Victoria and Albert*, her slender lines contrasting strikingly with the massive bulk of the warships around her, glided gracefully between "D" and "E" lines. On either side of her are the aircraft-carriers, *Courageous* and *Glorious*, while in the foreground on the right is the 4,200-ton *Colombo* (now of the Reserve Fleet, Devonport), with the *Carlisle*, *Cardiff*, and *Curaçao* ranging behind her. On the left is the stern of the *Coventry*

THE ROYAL YACHT PASSES DOWN THE LINES

As the King Reviews the Navy's Might Assembled in Formation in the Historic Roadstead at Spithead

THE "VICTORIA AND ALBERT'S" MAJESTIC PROGRESS: The scene from the aircraft-carrier *Glorious*, with sailors and marines mustered on deck, as the Royal yacht was heading south-east between lines "F" and "G" when nearing the completion of the review. At this moment she had just passed H.M.S. *Cardiff* (nearer camera), a 4,290-ton cruiser, and the 10,000-ton *Asigara*, the heavy cruiser sent to Spithead to represent the Japanese navy. The *Victoria and Albert* was a magnificent sight, with her beautifully tinted bell-mouthed funnels, graceful swan bow, shining black hull picked out in gold lines, and raked masts

CANNONADING A GREETING: Officers of H.M.S. *Barham* standing at the salute as this battleship, together with the hundred or more warships gathered within the Review area, fired the twenty-one rounds of the Royal Salute. For two minutes the roar of the guns continued, shrouding the fleet in smoke

THE ROYAL YACHT COMES TO REST: The battleship Queen Elizabeth and behind her *Victoria and Albert* once again at the head of "E" line after completing her two-hour progress through the fleet to the accompaniment of vocal salvoes from the crew of each ship she passed

ART NEWS

The Restoration of Versailles' Royal Theatre

By ALEXANDER WATT

THE President of the Republic and a distinguished gathering a few days ago assisted at the inauguration of the restored royal theatre at Versailles. The history of this charming theatre, erected by the celebrated Mlle de La Montansier, is of considerable documentary interest.

In 1768, towards the end of the reign of Louis XV, when Madame du Barry governed the Court at Versailles, an ambitious comedienne, Mlle de La Montansier, earned the good favour of the King and was permitted to organise the special royal performances that took place in the little theatre, built in 1756, at the corner of the entrance to the barracks of the Gardes du Corps.

THE MONTANSIER THEATRE VERSAILLES, which was built towards the end of Louis XV's reign for the entertainment of the Court and has now been restored. From the royal stage box on the left there once led a subterranean way connecting directly with the royal palace

According to certain memoirs of the period, Marguerite Brunet, for that was her real name, was an impulsive, not too attractive, but alluring adventuress. She was the daughter of a sailor and lived the early part of her youth in America. Her spirit of adventure asserted itself at an early age and she soon crossed to France where she started acting with a repertory company of comedians. Eventually she joined the cast of the Théâtre - Français. Her debut, however, does not seem to have been altogether successful for, shortly afterwards, she left the stage and attempted to form a troupe of her own. One day her protector, M. de Saint-Conty, presented her to Marie Antoinette, whose own passion for theatricals influenced her to take a liking to the adventurous young actress.

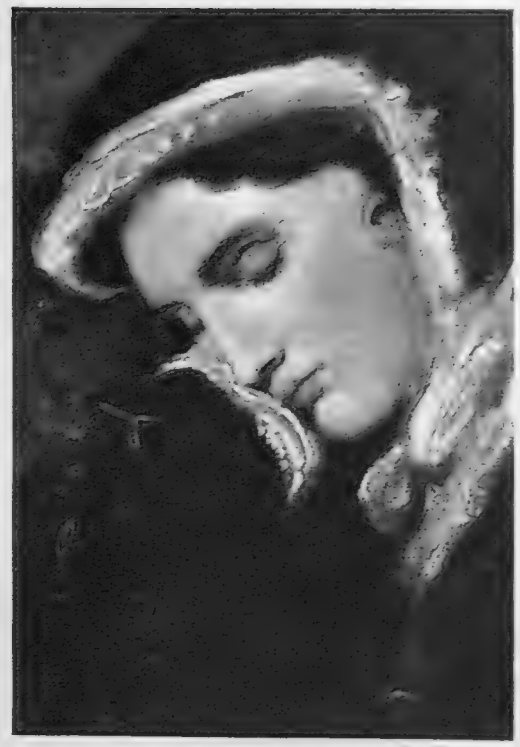
But the aspiring Mlle de La Montansier wished to have a theatre of her own, of which she would be the sole proprietress and directress. With ruse and ingenuity she at length succeeded in getting Monsieur, Comte de Provence et Thierry, the King's younger brother, to cede a part of the land that gave on to the rue des Réservoirs, between the national warehouse and the Porte du Dragon of the palace. Here she arranged to have built a theatre for spectacles for the benefit of the town of Versailles.

On February 18, 1777, the plans of Heurtier, Architecte du Roi, were submitted to the King and Queen and, on their approval, work was at once started on the construction of the theatre under the direction of Boullet, Machiniste et Inspecteur des Théâtres du Roi, who was also responsible for the installation of the stage machinery in the Queen's own theatre. The construction of the Montansier theatre was so quickly carried out that in less than a year (three months before the scheduled time) it was completely finished. On November 18, at five o'clock in the afternoon, the new theatre was solemnly inaugurated in the presence of the royal family. It was immediately acclaimed a great success.

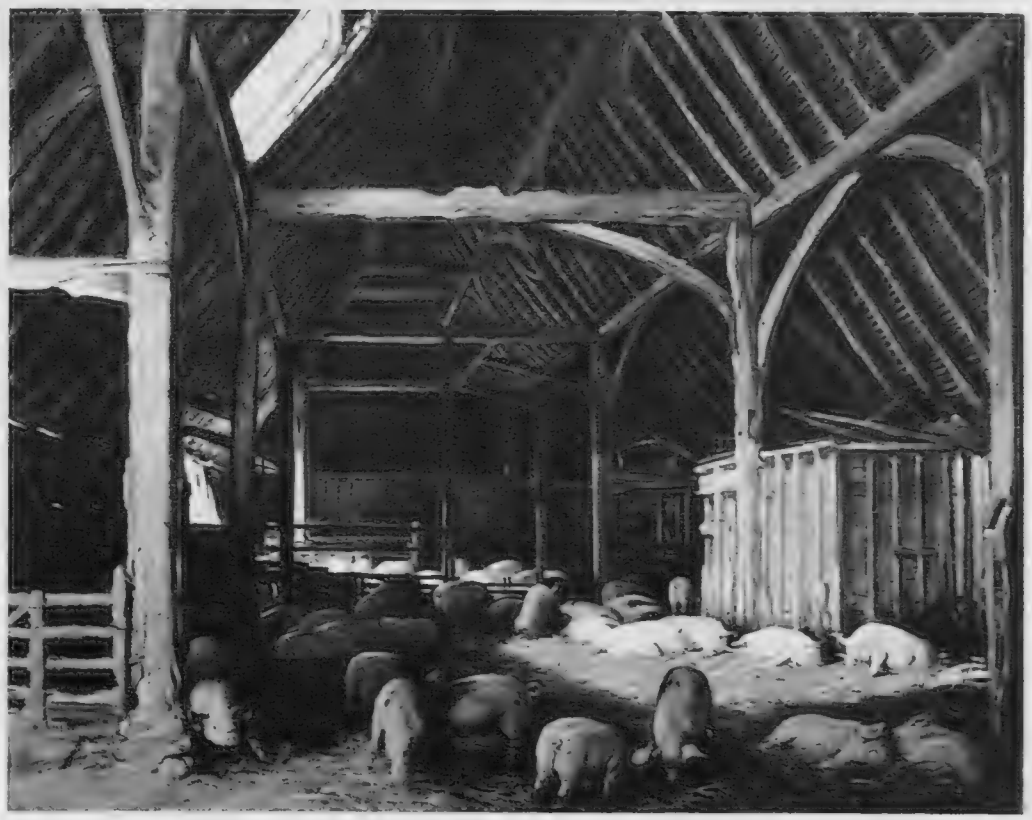
The inauguration was a triumph for Mlle de La Montansier who recruited a first-class company.

There were numerous first performances given during this brilliant period in the history of the theatre; *Les Evènements Imprévus*, a musical comedy by Grétry; *Aucassin et Nicollette* by Sedaine and Grétry; *Blaise et Babet; Oedipe à Colone*, by Sacchini; and *Amphytrion*, by Sedaine and Grétry, which was played at the opera only two years later. The success of these first performances given at Versailles was such that many Parisians came regularly to the Royal Theatre although it was then a question of a good two hours ride from the capital!

With the death of its founder, the theatre at Versailles almost fell to ruins. The present town council of Versailles, wishing to restore the historic theatre to its former aspect, however, have had the whole interior redecorated with the original blue, white and gold. Furniture, chandeliers, and candelabra of the period have been replaced in the foyer thus constituting a faithful reconstruction of the theatre as it was during the days of Mlle de La Montansier.



CONSTABLE AS A PORTRAITIST: The abilities of the master in this direction are not so widely known as they deserve to be; and for this reason these two pictures from the Centenary Exhibition of his works at Wildenstein's Galleries have a particular interest. That on the left shows his sisters Ann and Mary, and that on the right the wife to whom he was devoted and whose early death was such a blow

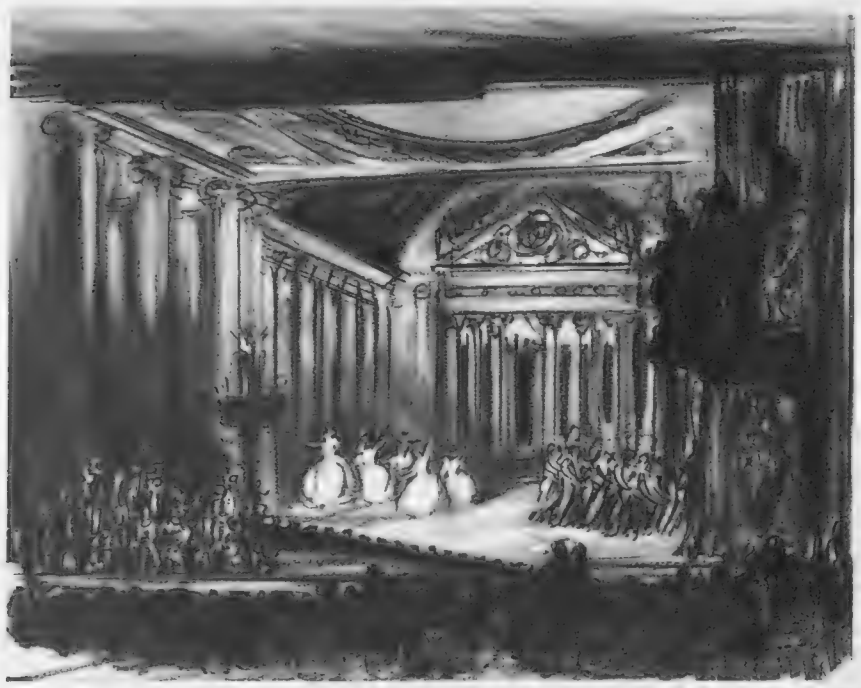


"PIGS IN BARN" BY FREDERICK W. ELWELL, A.R.A.: One of six pictures in the 1937 Academy by this artist who is at his best in works that have the life of the country as their theme. Mr. Elwell, who may now be accounted among the veterans, is well represented in London and provincial galleries

NAVAJO SQUAW: This picture, so notable for its brilliant colouring and its air of repose, is one of two works by Nora L. M. Cundell that are attracting attention at this year's Academy. Miss Cundell has been a consistent exhibitor at Burlington House for a number of years past

"PORTRAIT OF MRS. HAIG OF BEMERSYDE," an ancestress of Britain's war-time commander, by Sir Henry Raeburn. A picture offered for sale at Christie's this week together with other important works that belonged to the late Leonard Gow of Camis Eskan, Dumbartonshire

LILLI PALMER'S LATEST STARRING VEHICLE is *Sunset in Vienna*, a Herbert Wilcox production in which she plays opposite Tullio Carminati and has a good opportunity of consolidating the reputation she created for herself in *The Great Barrier* with Richard Arlen, and *Good Morning Boys*. The picture is being made at Pinewood Studios



Drawn by Percy Home

LOVE, LIFE, LAUGHTER, LEHAR, AND LAYE AT THE LYCEUM: An impression of one of the elaborate settings devised by Ernst Stern for C. B. Cochran's latest production of *Paganini* which, with Richard Tauber in the title role and Evelyn Laye playing opposite him, is proving a great attraction among music-loving Londoners

Console

THE WHITE LADY AND THE VAGRANT GENIUS: Evelyn Laye as Princess Anna and Richard Tauber as Paganini in the Lyceum light opera which has been adapted to the English stage by A. P. Herbert and Reginald Arkell. Herr Tauber despite his resemblance to an amorous Mr. Pickwick, sings superbly in the love duets winning a host of encores from enthusiastic audiences (*see* review in first column)

STAGE *and* SCREEN

MR. C. B. Cochran having been careful to explain in advance that his production, *Paganini*, is not intended in any sense to be an exact historical study or a precise portrait of the gentleman who gives the play its title, all criticism on that score is at once disarmed. So all the knowledgeable folk who have been pointing out that the real Paganini was a thin man who played the violin and that Herr Richard Tauber is plump and plays the part but not the violin might have saved their breath to cool their porridge.

What matters at the Lyceum is not that Herr Tauber is not a violinist (and does not even carry his fiddle as if he were) but that he is a tenor and an uncommonly good one. All I have left to marvel at, beyond his play itself which is marvellously well done, is why Paganini should have been dragged in at all. It might just as sensibly have been called "Pagliacci" (had not Leoncavallo got there first) or "Pagoda" or even "Page." What of course was needed and what has been adequately supplied by Herr Knepler and Herr Jenbach and the authors of the English version, Messrs. A. P. Herbert and Reginald Arkell, is a peg on which to hang Lehar's pretty music, and scenes in plenty in which Herr Tauber has to make love to Miss Evelyn Laye.

I have seldom heard so many songs in any operetta so persistently and even blatantly concerned with love. Love is probably, if careful analysis were to be applied, the core of every serious passage in every musical play; but here the labels are positively ostentatious. For the moment I can remember only "Love, live for ever" and "Girls were made to love and kiss" (imagine the demoniacally sombre real Paganini bursting his lungs with that) but there are many, many more. In short, love is "plugged."

The girl made for Herr Tauber to love and kiss on the Lyceum stage is the Princess Anna Elisa, and as the Princess is played by Miss Laye, looking as beautiful as ever and singing better than she has ever sung, the task can hardly be considered an onerous one. The story (Napoleon's period) is simple, which is all to the good since it would have been a pity to bury a yarn of dramatic interest and originality beneath all that vocal osculation. What Herr Tauber's and Miss Laye's public want is love ditty after love ditty from Herr Tauber and Miss Laye, varied only by love duets from Herr Tauber and Miss Laye, and that is what that public gets.

So emphatically to the taste of most people will be *Paganini* that those ditties and duets are likely to be heard in this theatre until it is time for the annual pantomime. Indeed, the piece could be turned into an excellent pantomime without much trouble. Mr. George Jackley, who has a louder voice than Herr Tauber, could return to the place where he is such a favourite. There is already a ballet.

But no pantomime music I have ever heard has equalled Herr Lehar's delicious tunes. His invention is no less fertile than it was in *The Merry Widow* days and only rarely does he play to the gallery (and, for that matter, to the stalls too) by providing mercifully short maudlin sections in accord with the American idiom which stamps its preference in light and gay music by calling it "the blues."

Although Paganini and his Princess make most of the running, room has been found for the genuine drolleries of Mr. Charles Heslop. I would that more room could be found for the polished style of Mr. Bertram Wallis. It is a good many years since Mr. Wallis "first put that uniform on" on the musical stage, and showed something even more important—that he is an admirable actor.

"Ladies and Gentlemen."

—There are certain plays of which it is the fashion to use some such phrase as "I must confess I laughed very much." I do not see why any sort of confession is necessary in such cases or that laughter, that blessed thing, should ever need an apology. But the implication is, of course, that the jokes are possibly not very good and perhaps a little naughty, and that the play on the whole is silly and even sordid, and the people in it nit-wits, or unpleasant, or both, and the morals, if any, are those of the barnyard, and the manners none, and the customs beastly.

Ladies and Gentlemen at the Strand Theatre, which came off after a very short run, was one of these plays and the preceding sentence is all that I intend to furnish by way of a description of it. And if that description annoy the author, Mr. N. Hunter, I tell him, here and now, that I laughed and laughed at his play and do not intend to wear sackcloth and ashes for having done so. His style was the very antithesis of that of Mr. A. A. Milne; his sentences were neither neatly-balanced nor well-bred. His characters were dumped down in Mayfair (being intended to be portraits of a certain section of Mayfairites) and some of them given titles, but they had no *noblesse* and did not consider that they were obliged to do anything except enjoy themselves.

If Mr. Hunter in writing this play was out to pillory what used to be known as "the smart set" and was following in the footsteps of the late Father Bernard Vaughan, who inveighed from the pulpit against the "sins of society," he has failed, because one could not be angry with the foul folk since they made one laugh.

The play for what it was worth, and opinions about it were very mixed, owed much to the entertainers, primarily to Miss Isabel Jeans, whose adorable babbling and whose poise as an utterly heartless and utterly charming woman married to a boring husband held the play together, so far as it could be held together and so far as it was a play. It was a pity Mr. Athole Stewart had to be the bore for this excellent actor can be most amusing. However, being a conscientious actor too, he carried out the author's intentions and played the bore only too well.

Miss Googie Withers was one of the detestable (yet attractive) daughters and very good she was. Since she is likely to make a big name for herself she would be well advised to change at least part of her present one. Or is she to remain Googie "to the last syllable of recorded time"?

"The Constant Wife."

—*The Constant Wife* was produced originally just ten years ago and I note that certain incidents in the auditorium a muddle about seats—on the first night have been given as the reason why it was not altogether a success. A better reason is probably that in this comedy Mr. Somerset Maugham is not quite up to his usual form, though that is not to say that it is not a very good comedy indeed, for Mr. Maugham's usual form is unusually high. But the writing is not quite so brilliant and the latter half of the play falls off dramatically—or, rather, undramatically.

Miss Ruth Chatterton, the distinguished film star from America, plays the lead and shows herself to be, what most of us knew already, in the front rank of "legitimate" actresses. She has, of course, had plenty of experience in that direction. She has an incisive style, a perfect sense of timing, an enchanting smile, and a voice so charming that it did not seem to matter that she has, actually enough, a pronounced American accent while others in the cast, supposed to be her blood relations, were unmistakably English.

But her performance seemed to me a trifle "remote." She gave the impression, probably quite unconsciously, of being the soloist in a concerto, the remainder of the cast being treated as a sort of orchestral accompaniment.

Richard Tauber and Evelyn Laye Prove a Popular Draw at the Lyceum: The Fate of "Ladies and Gentlemen": Diana Fisher Scores a Success

By PHILIP PAGE

There was not much give and take, for which both sides may be to blame. None the less, the performances, in particular, of Miss Helen Haye and Miss Eileen Peel could hardly have been better.

"A Ship Comes Home."—Miss Diana Fisher has written a pleasant new play in *A Ship comes Home* at the St. Martin's Theatre. We are on familiar ground—the rather shabby home which takes in lodgers, comic stuff with an adenoidal maid-servant, the mistress of the house who tipples and dyes her hair, and a couple of daughters, one of them (Miss Sarah Erskine) a good little girl and the other (Miss Judy Kelly) a bad little girl. Dominating all of them is Miss Mary Clare as an aunt—calm cool, sensible, the character being a hard-working actress and dramatist, and respectable too. At least, not quite, for we find in the end that she had been rather a bad little girl, for the good little girl turns out to be not her niece but her daughter. She gives up the man she is going to marry because he is in love with that daughter, which is the main theme of the rather vague story. However, Miss Fisher writes so well and has such a good sense of character drawing on and off the stage that all should be well. Miss Laurie Cowie's sketch of a semi-drunken woman is amusing without being offensive—a vastly difficult thing to achieve.

Britain at the Paris Exhibition.—Bernard Shaw's *Candida* is to represent the British theatre at the special season arranged by the British Council at the Paris Exhibition. There will be five performances at the Champs Elysées Theatre, starting on June 1. The French Premier and Madame Blum are expected to be present at the opening performance. Diana Wynyard will play Candida. The other members of the cast are Nicholas Hannen, Edward Chapman, Stephen Haggard, Athene Seyler, and Geoffrey Edwards.

Community Theatre Festival.—Mr. Oliver Stanley, President of the Board of Education, will present the Howard de Walden Cup to the winners of the Community Theatre Festival, which will be held at the Old Vic next Monday. Five teams, selected from over 600 entrants from all parts of the country, will compete for the cup. The Blackwood Amateur Dramatic Society will be seen in Mr. R. Elwyn Mitchell's *A Rogue in Bed*, the Bristol Drama Club in Mr. Edward Purchase's *The White Flame*, the Newbattle Burns Club Dramatic Society in Mr. Joe Corrie's *Hewers of Coal*, the Blackfriars Society in Miss Marjorie Bowen's *A Family Comedy (1840)*, and the Newcastle Y.W.C.A. Dramatic Clubs in Miss Esther McCracken's *The Willing Spirit*.

The festival, organised by the British Drama League, will be adjudicated by Miss Violet Vanbrugh, Mr. Ronald Adam, and Mr. William Armstrong.

THE SAVOYARDS RETURN TO TOWN: *Left*—Marjorie Eyre as Pitti-Sing and Sydney Granville as Pooh-Bah, the Lord High Everything Else, in *The Mikado*, and (*right*) Brenda Bennett as Phyllis, the Arcadian Shepherdess, with Martyn Green as the Lord High Chancellor, in *Iolanthe*. New pictures of some stars of the D'Oyly Carte Opera Company, which has now come back to London after its successful American tour, and from May 31 to July 17 will be giving a season at Sadler's Wells

DARRELL FANCOURT AS THE PIRATE KING and Richard Walker as Samuel in *The Pirates of Penzance* which is to be given by the D'Oyly Carte Company at Sadler's Wells next Saturday

EVER-POPULAR "PINAFORE": Here are the leading members of the cast in this most rollicking of light operas which will be presented three times during the coming season. Among those in the front row are Evelyn Gardiner, Leslie Rands, Marjorie Eyre, Martyn Green, Sylvia Cecil, Derek Oldham, and Richard Walker

MAIDS OF TITIPU: Pitti-Sing (Marjorie Eyre) and Yum Yum (Sylvia Cecil) with Nanki Poo (Derek Oldham), the Emperor's son, and (*right*) with Peep-Bo (Elizabeth Nickell-Lean). Two scenes from the *Mikado*, always a popular favourite with the general public, which will be presented no fewer than ten times at Sadler's Wells. The cast is to be exactly the same as that which has been appearing with so much success in America during the past winter season starting at the Martin Beck Theatre, New York, and then going on to all the leading cities of the Eastern States

Sights and Scenes IN RURAL ENGLAND NOW

FOOD *for the* CROP

With a peculiar flick of the hand the farm labourer gives the sprouting oats a light covering of potash mixture to stimulate their growth. A scene from the Kentish countryside. (*John Topham*)

SUMMER'S EVENING

A summer evening in the Essex lowlands as the mists spread far and wide across the fields, shrouding the lower branches of the tall and stately poplars. (*Douglas Went*)

ARABIS *in* ARCADY

Snow-white arabis blooming in a cottage rock-garden ingeniously built up on a rocky outcrop above the waters of the River Duddon in the heart of Wordsworth's Cumberland. (*Mary C. Fair*)

THE ALBINO: Fred Richardson, son of Lord Armstrong's head gamekeeper, with a pure white vixen and her natural coloured cubs captured some days ago by his father on Lord Armstrong's Cragside estate at Rothbury, Northumberland. The vixen, which is to be sent with her offspring to Edinburgh Zoo, is very savage and needs careful handling as one keeper has already discovered to his cost

A HOLIDAY SUIT IN REVERSIBLE SPOTS

Here is an ideal holiday suit, cool and trim and of a most friendly disposition. It is made in blue and white reversible cloque, the lighter side used for the collar and revers. The jacket fastens with link buttons, and the skirt has a double inverted pleat in the front. It comes from Swan and Edgar, of Piccadilly Circus, W.

WHITHER AWAY?

Travel Light—and You'll Enjoy Your Holiday Twice as Much, for Careful Planning Saves Much Trouble

For most of us holidays mean relaxation—a leaving behind of the multitudinous duties of everyday life—a complete break-away from ordinary routine, and for these reasons few people want to be bothered with unnecessary luggage which has to be packed and unpacked.

They demand lightness and efficiency, specially planned trunks in which clothes are not crushed and in which they can be found easily and quickly. They want to live in as smooth a manner as in their own homes, and to do a minimum amount of unpacking.

Fortunately, modern luggage is designed as carefully as a modern house, so that whether one travels by air, by car, or by liner, one can get cases and trunks of every kind, from the good sound globe-trotting variety that will withstand the hardest treatment to expanding cases that almost magically seem to hold as much as a conjuror's hat, and that weigh practically nothing.

WHETHER your holiday is to be spent touring by car, whether part of it will be spent in the air, or whether you are going on a cruise, you will want to simplify life as much as you can, and though nothing is more disconcerting than to find that you have left behind clothes that would be extremely useful, at the same time nothing is so exasperating as having to carry round rows of frocks and accessories that you never wear at all.

This is something that has been recognised by every dress designer, with the result that most summer holiday outfits serve two—or possibly three—purposes. The problem therefore is one that can be solved without any worrying, and the main thing is first to make out a list of the things one is likely to do.

Just the two things on this page form a sound basis for summer travelling. The neat suit, so fresh-looking and cool, would be ideal for shore excursions, for yachting, for lunching in the country—for a hundred and one other things since it can be simplified or elaborated by the choice of blouse and hat. Furthermore, it costs so little that one might well have it in different colours. It is made in brown or black and white as well as in the blue, and it costs 80s. The short-sleeved shirt blouse, in white and pastel shades, is made in super suède and costs 20s., while the inexpensive hat is made in baku trimmed with stiffened petersham ribbons.

As for the linen culotte, this would be as good for summer golfing or bicycling as for beach or boat wear, for the blouse is cut to give ample freedom of movement, and the divided skirt is both comfortable and smart. This is made in brown, rust, and navy as well as in natural, and the price is 40s.

The conventional sun and swim suit this year yields pride of place to the dressmaker suit, which serves the same purpose, but is made to look exactly like a play suit. That is to say, it is in the gayest of prints, it has wide shorts and a sun top, but it is primarily designed for wearing in the water. Over it goes a simple dress in the same print, or perhaps a full-length coat (which then acts also as a dressing gown—and you need pay no more than 6s. 11d.) and one is all set for anything from a week-end to a week.

A warm coat (preferably light-weight camel hair) a wool skirt and some sweaters, a pair of slacks, a pair of flannel shorts and some cotton shirts, one or two cotton frocks, and several uncrushable evening dresses, and one would be ready for any sort of holiday and almost any sort of weather.

CULOTTES FOR SPORTS ENTHUSIASTS

When once you've worn a culotte you will be very unwilling to go back to a skirt for sports wear. This one, beautifully cut in natural coloured linen, comes from Swan and Edgar, and has a coloured zipper down the front of the blouse and the divided skirt. With four workmanlike pockets and a slightly widened shoulder-line, it is as good looking as it is practical

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

A European Cuts a Road Through the Wilds of Kurdistan

I HAVE Mr. Chesterton to support me if I talk about the romance that roads have for the most frigidly normal of imaginations. Mr. Chesterton and many distinguished men of letters have observed it in verse and prose, and many of us, in a less distinguished, more literally pedestrian way have endorsed it. Roman roads, ancient British causeways, Persian incense routes, prairie trails; they all have at least two things in common, they are essential to civilisation and they have all, for their beginnings, depended on the most courageous of pioneering.

In this day and age roads are still being made in conditions of the greatest hardship and danger. **ROAD THROUGH KURDISTAN** (Faber and Faber. 12s. 6d.) is the story of such an adventure, told by Mr. A. M. Hamilton, the roadmaker himself. For five years Mr. Hamilton, the only European engaged on the work, lived among tribesmen in the remotest parts of Iraq and directed the construction of the Rowanduz Road. This road, over 100 miles long, was designed to complete the Persian highway from Teheran to the Mediterranean. It is 200 miles north of Bagdad and runs entirely through mountains and rocky gorges, country that presents almost insuperable difficulties to a road engineer.

In addition to this, Mr. Hamilton's work was chiefly among tribes with reputations for hostility and for murderous feuds, and his workmen were drawn from a heterogeneous collection of Kurds, Persians, Assyrians, and Arabs. General Rowan-Robinson, who knew Mr. Hamilton in Iraq while he was engaged on this work, writes "when that most unruly of all lands was in a state of violent ferment . . . when outside a fortified encampment or village every man took his life in his hand and went armed to the teeth, peace and order reigned along the road that Hamilton was building."

To create such a state of neutrality, and friendly neutrality at that, is usually outside the scope of an engineer however able, but in Mr. Hamilton's case it was a necessary campaign, as his work, difficult enough in any case, would have been impossible without a certain amount of local co-operation. His workmen had not only to be trained and taught the most elementary lessons in road-building, but Mr. Hamilton had to act as doctor, interpreter, paymaster, director, and canteen manager. He did his own surveying and was the only and constant supervisor. The road, begun in 1928, was completed in 1932, one of the greatest feats of engineering in contemporary history.

Mr. Hamilton's story is not so much modest as matter of fact. There was a job to be done and he did it. He does not make light of his difficulties. He simply tells of the methods he used to overcome them. No heroics in an essentially heroic undertaking. I would have liked even more of the technical explanations of the work. It is possible for the layman to understand these, and it seems the only way of showing the project in its true light. But the author makes up for his reticence in this direction by his stories of the local tribesmen, and his genuinely sympathetic exposition of the case for the Assyrians; a vexed problem of the present day.

The photographs, which are particularly good, are a very necessary illustration to a story of Herculean effort.

VERSATILITY: Rudolf Brunngraber, whose novel *Radium*, a story based on man's exploitation of this precious substance, has already sold 30,000 copies in Germany and has just been published by Harrap in London. The author, who comes of an old Austrian peasant family, has had a career of astonishing adventure. After the war he travelled throughout the length and breadth of Europe, showing his adaptability by taking odd jobs as factory hand, ivory engraver, cinema violinist, newspaper vendor, quarryman, and copyist of Old Masters. Tiring of wandering he returned to Vienna where, without roof or regular work, he eked out a living as a pavement artist until the merit of his pictures was recognised and he was sent to an art school for four years. Herr Brunngraber now spends part of his time on a fishermen's island in the Adriatic

Reviewed by
VERNON FANE

"A fat, middle-aged woman . . . was reclining gracefully on the couch. She had a small head with Titian curls, a beautiful but cruel mouth, and sentimental eyes; she spoke with a sort of clipped accent. When she rose, after a while, and began to move about the room, I saw that she was not fat or middle-aged; she was beautiful, she had an innate, a marvellous grace . . . This was Isadora."

Isadora Duncan has by now become one of the almost legendary figures of the last decade. Her dancing, her curious glamour, her even less conventional habit of life, and her very real talent were all of a kind to attract and hold notice. Her own story of her amazing life was published, with certain reservations and great success. Her fame was international, and she herself could have been called a citizen of the world.

Reading about her after this interval, she still exerts a fascination, though not wholly sympathetic. Like everything in Lola Kinel's book of memoirs **UNDER FIVE EAGLES** (Putnam. 12s. 6d.) the portrait of her is very clearly etched, and as vivid as the author's simple and lively prose can make it.

It was in 1923 that Lola Kinel, who is Polish by birth, decided to adopt English as the language in which she would think. She already spoke German, Polish, and Russian well enough to be taken for a native of any of these countries, but it was her English which she decided to keep "alive and flexible." The proof of her success is in this, her first book, which is the account of her wandering and courageous life since 1916, in Germany, Poland, Austria, Russia, and America.

Lola Kinel can type, she can do shorthand, she can read, write, and translate at a high speed into any of five languages. She can and has outwitted unfriendly frontier guards, made friends with the toughest of cowboys, and had some narrow escapes from tarantulas and revolutions. But best of all she can write as clearly and as sensitively in the reminiscent vein as if she were talking to her readers at ease in the congenial after-dinner hour.

Lovely Mary Robinson, who for one short year at the end of the eighteenth century was the love of the Prince of Wales, has had much written about her that was sentimental and much that was inimical. She herself, during her short lifetime, contributed several volumes of autobiography in prose and verse, often thinly disguised as romantic fiction. Zoffany, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and Romney painted portraits of her, Zoffany's small picture being one of his most exquisite works.

Yet Perdita, as the Prince for such a short time was to call her, had only a few years of affluence and unenviable notoriety. Charles James Fox, her protector for a time, after his illustrious master, never granted her the doubtful honour of acknowledging her as his mistress. Only Sir Banestre Tarleton was for a long time her devoted and generous friend, till his resources were straitened, and his steady faithfulness discouraged by Perdita's continuous illnesses.

Miss Marguerite Steen in her new biography of Mrs. Robinson, **THE LOST ONE** (Methuen. 12s. 6d.) insists on an aspect of her life which seems never to have occurred to her critics or to her admirers. Though it is as a successful courtesan that she is most generally remembered, yet Perdita supported herself and her little daughter for at least half her life on her income as a writer, and whatever one may think of the merits of that writing there seems to be no doubt, certainly there is none in Miss Steen's mind, that Perdita's nature was unusually courageous for a woman of her reputation.

"She really did not want to become a *demi-mondaine*," writes Miss Steen, "and destroy her own future and that of her child. A curious mixture of sentiment and sense sent Mary Robinson to the King's Bench, and among the elements that contributed to her creditable behaviour we must not discount that love of playing the noble role, that romanticism which persisted from her childhood. Without malice one may suggest that Mary Robinson knew that persecution became her."

Such a contradictory nature, courageous and frivolous, independent and luxury-loving, makes an interesting study, whatever one thinks of the value of the biography of a butterfly. The tragedy of her death, at the age of forty-two, almost alone and in poverty can only have one interpretation however. She is buried in Old Windsor churchyard, in accordance with her own wish, for which she had "a *particular* reason."

Miss Steen's book, sympathetic without the flaw of sentimentality, gives a new picture of a figure who, however insignificant, lived and died in the romantic tradition.

The Man Who Taught His Tutor the Intricacies of Kikuyu

When Mr. L. S. B. Leakey went up to Cambridge with the object of reading for a sizarship examination, his only problem was to decide on the subjects which he could offer the examiners. At that time, not many years ago, a candidate had to offer two languages for the Modern Language Tripos, and Mr. Leakey decided on French and Kikuyu. Although, not surprisingly, there was no precedent for this, Mr. Leakey's offer was accepted, and it is gratifying to know that he passed his examinations with flying colours. Only, since the tutor appointed to him had no knowledge of the Kikuyu language, Mr. Leakey "received instructions that . . . I was to start teaching it to my supervisor."

This is just one of the odd twists that the author of **WHITE AFRICAN** (Hodder and Stoughton. 15s.) has accepted as part of his life. The son of a missionary, he was brought up near Nairobi, with only brief visits to England, and until he was sixteen had chosen his companions from the native Kikuyu boys. His interest in archæology, on which he is now, though still in his thirties, a great expert, was first excited by reading a boy's book, a Christmas present, which told the story of the Stone Age people in Britain, in simple language for children.

Until that time the study of birds had been his chief interest. He had wanted, as other less remarkable small boys have yearned to be engine-drivers, to become an ornithologist. However the fateful Christmas present arrived, and young Mr. Leakey plumped for archæology, which is now his profession. His book is partly autobiography and partly an account of various archæological expeditions in Africa on which he has been prominent.

As fiction it would have been a good story, pigeonholed in the American manner as a "success story". Since it is fact, and humorously observed fact at that, this book is a first-rate biography.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ARTHUR BARKER.—SINGLE TO SPAIN. By Keith Scott Watson. 7s. 6d. A GIRL MUST LIVE. By Emery Bonett. Illustrated by Anna K. Zinkeisen. 7s. 6d. THE HATCH WAY: A Rapid Transit Omnibus. By Eric Hatch. 7s. 6d. BORISWOOD.—THE BRIGHTON MURDER TRIAL: Rex v. Rhodes. Edited by Bruce Hamilton. 8s. 6d. CHATTO & WINDUS.—BROTHER PETROC'S RETURN: A Story by S.M.C. 6s. THE GROWN-UPS. By Catherine Whitcomb. 7s. 6d. COLLINS.—MINE HOST, AMERICA. By Mark Pepys, sixth Earl of Cottenham. Illustrated. 16s. IN ENGLAND NOW. By Mary Ellen Chase. Illustrated by Bertram Prance. 8s. 6d. COUNTRY LIFE.—SKILLED HORSEMANSHIP. By Lieut.-Col. Sidney G. Goldschmidt. Illustrated by Michael Lyne. 12s. 6d. EYRE & SPOTTISWOODE.—THE CENTRE COURT AND OTHERS. By F. R. Burrow. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. JOHN HAMILTON.—FLYING YEARS. By C. H. Keith. Illustrated. 18s. HARRAP.—ENVOYS EXTRAORDINARY: The Romantic Careers of Some Remarkable British Representatives Abroad. By Edmund B. D'Auvergne. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. THE UNVEILING OF ARABIA: The Story of Arabian Travel and Discovery. By R. H. Kiernan. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. RADIUM. By Rudolf Brunngraber. 8s. 6d. HEINEMANN.—DECLINE AND FALL OF A BRITISH MATRON. By Mary Mitchell. 7s. 6d. HODDER & STOUGHTON.—MATTHEW SILVERMAN. By Victor Canning. 7s. 6d. HUTCHINSON.—ROMANCE AND REVOLUTIONS. By Countess Nostitz. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. METHUEN.—THE SOUL OF THE WHITE ANT. By Eugene N. Marais. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. MULLER.—ZULU JOURNEY. By Carel Birkby. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. NEWNES.—MOTORACES. By George Monkhouse. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. STANLEY PAUL.—MONTE CARLO CASINO. By General Pierre Polovtsoff. Illustrated. 18s. WITH DETECTIVES ROUND THE WORLD. By Frank Longworth. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. SOLDIERING WITH A STETHOSCOPE. By Colonel N. J. C. Rutherford. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. MY LAUGH STORY. By Leonard Henry. Foreword by John Watt. Illustrated. 2s. 6d. MEDITERRANEAN MEMORIES. By Major S. E. G. Ponder. Illustrated. 12s. 6d. RICH & COWAN.—THE EPIC OF THE ALCAZAR: A History of the Siege of the Toledo Alcazar, 1936. By Major Geoffrey McNeill-Moss. Illustrated. 9s. ROUTLEDGE.—SPAIN OVER BRITAIN. By Henry Blythe. 1s. SAMPSON LOW MARSTON & CO.—THE BRITISH ARMY: Its History, Customs, Traditions, and Uniforms. By Pay-Lieut.-Commander E. C. Talbot-Booth, R.N.R. 7s. 6d. SECKER & WARBURG.—THE END OF SOCIALISM IN RUSSIA. By Max Eastman. 1s. THE TWILIGHT OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY. By An American Resident. 1s. BACK FROM THE U.S.S.R. By André Gide. 2s. 6d. WITHERBY.—TANTE REBELLA'S SAGA: A Backvelder's Scrap-book. By C. R. Brance. 7s. 6d. WORLD'S WORK LTD.—THREE DIED BESIDE THE MARBLE POOL. By Carl M. Chapin. 7s. 6d.

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This England . . .

The Thames—Streatley Bridge

THE River Thames means many different things to many different men. There is the alder-shaded country stream at Lechlade, the lovely reaches where it becomes the Isis of youthful hopes and happy memories; Streatley bridge where the plunge begins between the wooded shoulders of the Berkshire Downs. Henley (after Ascot), historic Windsor, Wolsey's Hampton and Elizabeth's "sweet Shene" . . . on, on to the lighters and language of the Port of London. Different things to different men, but to all men one — good bodily exercise in the open air. And one thing more for every waterman's delight; at almost any inn from the Cotswolds to Canvey you may tie up for a Worthington — the just reward of jolly labour.

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OXFORD GROUP *(Continued from page 470)*

1,200 guests at this House Party. It lasted ten days. By a system of cross examination I discovered that a meeting was held at the Winter Garden in Malvern, and various persons present spoke of changed lives since joining the Oxford Group. At first one got the impression that anyone was able to stand up and speak about himself. Later I discovered from Mr. Petrocokino that the meeting had to be prepared beforehand. In fact, that the self-revelations were not impromptu. This seemed perfectly reasonable. There would be no business in the House of Commons if there were not a Speaker whose eye has to be caught before an M.P. can take the floor.

I may add that the word "confession," which seems the natural one, is looked upon with disfavour by the Oxford Group. Similarly, members of the Group assured me that false emotionalism is non-existent among their members. When I suggested, however, that new religious movements are compelled to rely somewhat on emotionalism, and that it must be difficult sometimes to avoid inducing hysteria, the reply was (a) there was no hysteria, and (b) that there were numbers of psycho-analysts in the Oxford Group who took care of all hysterical cases.

Perhaps the most intriguing aspect of the Oxford Group is the official ambiguity about the number of its adherents. I made several efforts to discover this. A polite lack of interest in the subject was the usual attitude.

I don't think there is any real need to give a resume of the rest of my conversation, nor even a complete precis of the various pamphlets supplied by the Oxford Group. After having perused the latter carefully, however, I am driven to the conclusion that the Oxford Group might well be described as bearing the same relation to Christianity as the bright young people used to do to Society. They certainly have a distinct bent for publicity, as is proved by the following official statement:—"America's brightest boy, Wilber B. Huston, was met at Birmingham Station by 2,000 young men bearing torches when he arrived to represent America at the International Oxford Group New Enlistment Youth Camp there. As they marched they made the buildings of Birmingham echo with their new marching song.

"Vanguards of the new enlistment rise,
Marching with banners unfurled;
God-confident armies mobilise,
Free for remaking the world."

Oh yes, I had almost forgotten my final conversation with Dr. Buchman. Having complimented him on leading a movement which permitted religion and a sense of humour to mingle neatly, I asked him how he had allowed the story of Beverley Nichols about the commercial traveller to appear in his official organ. He replied "I don't know how it got in," adding roguishly "I think we ought to go and tweak dear Beverley's ear, don't you?"

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

A MOTHER of two sons who were in the Society's Bisley School for Boys before the war, recently called at the Headquarters in Shaftesbury Avenue. She told the Secretary that both boys enlisted for the Great War, and one had died of wounds. She has since married again and was anxious to trace the other son. She was so grateful to the Society for the good training given to her sons that she wished to make some recognition. For this purpose she had gone out as a charwoman, and had saved the sum of £20, which she handed to the Secretary for the work of the Society. This gives an instance of the great work that is carried on in the Homes and Training Ship, where 1,100 poor boys and girls are always under the care of the Society. Funds are urgently needed, and will be gratefully acknowledged from the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

THE ART OF HILDA RIX NICHOLAS

Hilda Rix Nicholas, whose canvas "The Fair Musterer," is one of the outstanding pictures in the exhibition at the Royal Institute Galleries of work by Dominion and Colonial artists, hails from the Delegate district of New South Wales, but has already won a reputation that extends far beyond the Commonwealth, a number of her works having been acquired by galleries in England and on the Continent, including one that is now in the Luxembourg as the property of the French nation. Miss Nicholas is at her best in depicting scenes in the Australian countryside

SUMMER GLORY: The studio set in the garden of the farm at Knockalong, Delegate, New South Wales, where Hilda Rix Nicholas paints so many of her Australian pastoral scenes and from the windows of which she did the background of the canvas reproduced below

"THE FAIR MUSTERER": The Australian pastoral scene by Hilda Rix Nicholas at the exhibition by Dominion and Colonial artists at the Royal Institute Galleries

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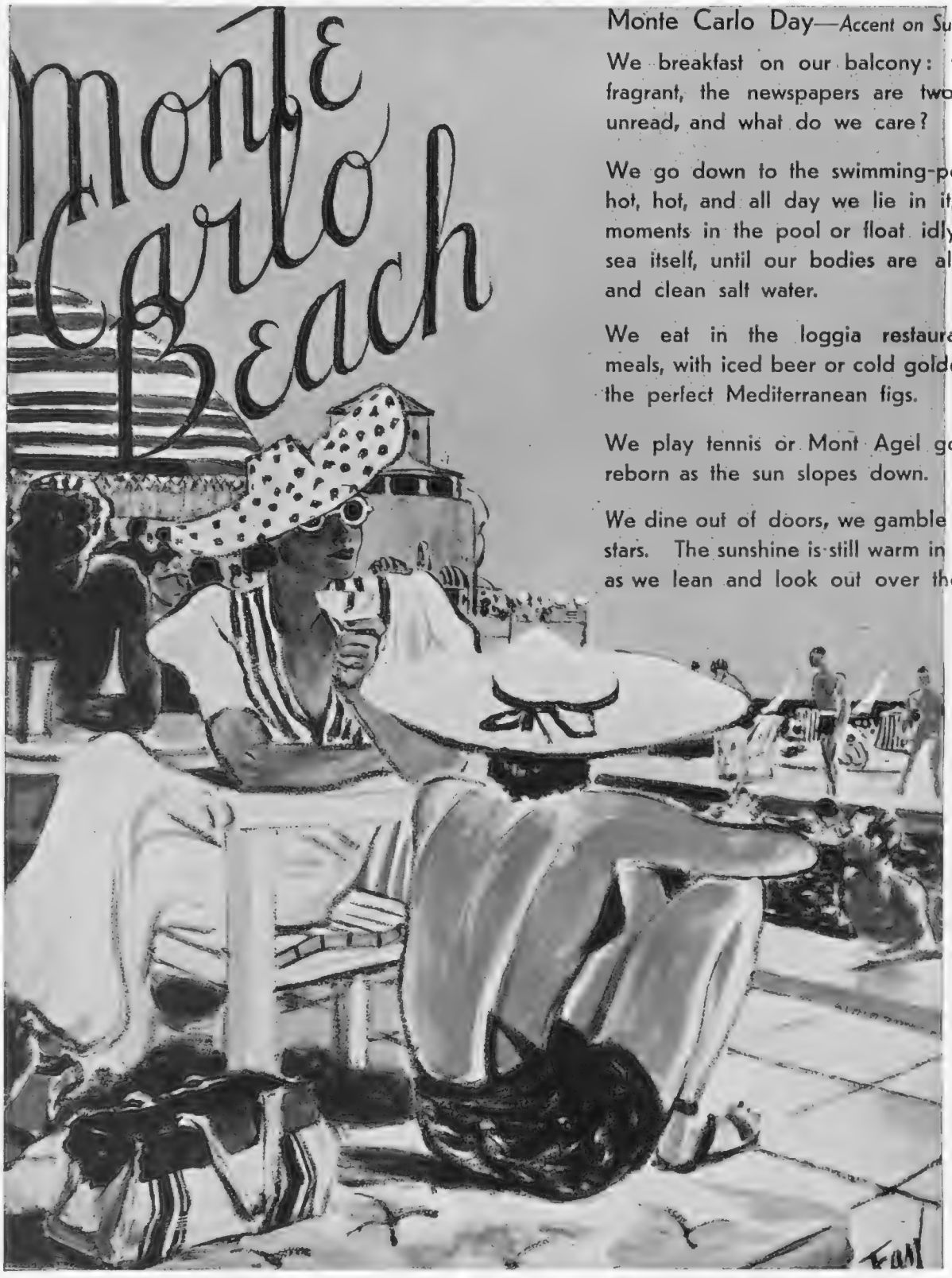


Monte Carlo Day—*Accent on Sunshine*

We breakfast on our balcony: the air is cool and fragrant, the newspapers are two days old and still unread, and what do we care?

We go down to the swimming-pool: the sun is hot, hot, hot, and all day we lie in it, or swim for a few moments in the pool or float idly in the translucent sea itself, until our bodies are all light and warmth and clean salt water.

We eat in the loggia restaurant: cool summer meals, with iced beer or cold golden wine, and always the perfect Mediterranean figs.

We play tennis or Mont Agel golf with an energy reborn as the sun slopes down.

We dine out of doors, we gamble or dance under the stars. The sunshine is still warm in the stone balustrade as we lean and look out over the velvet hidden sea.

When We Asked About Monte Carlo, They Reminded Us—

About the two Beach Hotels right down by the sea, and the famous Hotel de Paris in the town, and that this Summer, to prevent overcrowding, the latter's annexe will be open as well.

That en pension terms at each of these include lunch at the Beach Restaurant and dinner at the Summer Sporting.

About the Summer Sporting Club where centres Monte Carlo's night-life—dining, dancing, gambling in the open air—and that nowadays the dance bands play all through the evening.

That on gala nights the "feux d'artifice," fantastically doubled by their sea-reflections, are more breath-taking than ever.

That water-sports include rock, sand and pool bathing, every kind of diving, water-skiing, aquaplaning and speed-boating.

That land-sports offer tennis on the Country Club's twenty-one hard courts, golf up on the cool heights of Mont Agel.

That this year that crazily exciting motor race, the Grand Prix around the Monte Carlo houses, will happen in August.

That Monte Carlo food is famous (most great chefs have worked here) and the summer standard is as high as tradition tells.

About the new "Sun Beach" cure—sun, sea, air and massage for slimming and browning, plus a special fruit and vegetable bar.

THE FREEDOM OF THE SEAS

Rest and Relaxation on the Modern Cruising Liner

THE STRAIN: A young officer of the Royal liner *Alcantara* supervises a tug-of-war on deck

WESTWARD BOUND: Approaching the Wolf lighthouse; a sentinel between Land's End and the Scillies

E have been familiar with the photographs of Mr. Chamberlain which are a yearly e of the newspapers in the weeks preceding Budget speech. These photographs show Chancellor of the Exchequer, rod in hand, hoping to catch, about to catch, ng caught a salmon. Unkind often suggested that Mr. berlain employed his mind in the nts during which he was going h the mechanical motions of a fly in devising fresh methods ping whopping new sources enue without disturbing the industry. I prefer to think rise.

you have borne with me thus rough some admittedly mixed hors, I will proceed to expound eory further.

ry week some journal or other reports an utterance of a doctor pert in modern conditions in h the strain of present-day existence is commented upon. This in undoubtedly exists, and the growing popularity of such pursuits as gardening, fishing, sketching, and sailing tells the tale from a different angle. Mr. Chamberlain fishes, Mr. Winston Churchill paints, and Mr. Lloyd George has his farm. One inclines naturally to cite as examples personages who are in the public eye. But they are only typical of the myriads who are turning to quiet places and pursuits for relaxation. Very important among such is the phase of modern life known as "cruising."

The last months have not been without their trials for most of us. The weather, if the resultant floods have not actually penetrated into our houses, has not been soothing. It has been a bad time for farmers and gardeners. The international situation has been giving rise to considerable anxiety, and the financial world is only now recovering from some very unpleasant jolts. And all of us, even if we have escaped these cares, have been involved in the pleasurable excitements and subsequent exhaustions of the Coronation. Those who can manage it definitely deserve a rest.

We cannot all by circumstances, talent, or inclination expect to emulate the fishermen, painters, and gardeners I have cited as examples. Nor, for instance, are we all fitted by temperament or physical habit to adopt the strained positions and vigorous effort essential to successful mountain-climbing. But a cruise of some sort is within the reach economically, mentally, and physically of us all. And this brings me to my main theme.

The essentials of a successful holiday are relaxation and change of scene and occupation combined with freedom from fresh worries incidental to the temporary breakaway from humdrum existence. On other occasions on this page the comforts offered by modern cruising liners have been expatiated upon, and the excellent accommodation, service, and food have been mentioned. But above all, the rise to prominence of this new phase of holidaying during the last seven years crystallises in itself the outlook of people who live in modern conditions.

Take, for instance, the obvious instance of the disorientating effect produced by life on ship-board. The staircases become "companionways"; waiters, "stewards"; and left, "port". And in your fellow-passengers, if you feel sociable, there is the mental stimulus of making the acquaintance of types entirely different from those to which you are accustomed in your circle at home. Different living surroundings, fresh scenes, and new friends; such factors make for the building up of the physical and spiritual reserves which are nowadays so essential.

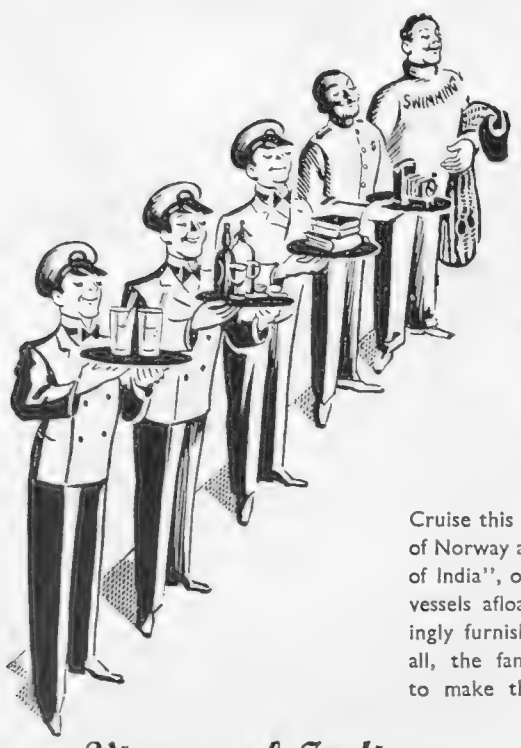
"Plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose." We seek the same things that our great-grandparents went to Bath and Tunbridge Wells to find. And, though we may heave a sigh (with mental reservations as to plumbing and comfort of dress) over the vanished glories of the pump-room and pantiles of the eighteenth century, how infinitely more interesting and comfortable is this modern counterpart. (I make exception in favour of those who really need for their stomachs' sake to drink of the Chalebeate spring or its congeners. This they may do at the many modern spas which are as superior in effectiveness in comparison with those early ones mentioned as a Rolls-Royce to a sedan chair.)

SORRENTO BY THE SEA: Looking down on one of Southern Italy's loveliest resorts lying amidst luxuriant lemon and orange groves. It is reached from Naples

The modern equivalent of the places to which our forefathers painfully journeyed in search of mental and physical refreshment is then represented in its latest form by the cruising liner. In such you have your bedroom, your hall, dining-room, and library (under the appropriate nautical names), your games, the swimming bath, and solarium at your door-step. Your expeditions are arranged without first having to put the magneto right or to find out whether the train your wife looked up in the Bradshaw (edition of 1936) still runs. Surely this form of holiday is the quintessence of the rest and quiet modern life demands!

Hugonaut

TILBURY—GATEWAY TO ADVENTURE: A Peninsular and Oriental cruising liner lying off the ocean quay, starting point of so many summer cruises. The P. and O. Company have a wide variety of trips arranged for this season



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JULY 17	-	Stockholm, Zoppot, Copenhagen 13 days — from 20 gns.
JULY 31	-	Northern Cities 16 days — from 24 gns.

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WHERE TO CRUISE

MOONLIGHT ON THE AMAZON: The romantic aspect of the great river at Manaos, a thousand miles from the sea, where the Booth liners call on their cruises

DO you remember Bicket? He was one of Galsworthy's minor characters, and was sacked from the packing department of Michael Mont's publishing firm for "snooping." After that, in the intervals of selling balloons he nourished a passion for blue butterflies, which to him represented Australia. And do you remember how Mrs. Bicket at last succeeded in collecting the passage-money by posing in the "altogether"? Again, turning to an earlier great observer of social conditions, do you remember the last distracted scene of the departure of the Micawber family? I am not trying to set an examination paper on well-known books. But I would like to draw a parallel between the feelings of two characters, taken at random, and those which at one time or another are common to us all.

It is not, fortunately, everyone's lot to suffer the troubles which beset the Bickets and Micawbers, but we are all sometimes assailed by a frantic desire for fresh countries and new scenes. And though emigration and the shifts (or lack of them) necessary to achieve it are a more drastic cure than most people's circumstances warrant, the cruising liner offers the means of a breakaway from home cares.

Where then, the opportunity having arisen or been made, will your fancy take you? With Bicket's aspirations still in mind, I have a strong personal inclination towards Brazil. Butterflies! And by butterflies I do not mean the occasional Meadow Brown titupping across the English hayfield, or even the rare and lovely Purple Emperor; to capture which the enthusiast will martyrise himself for hours as he lies motionless, net in hand, beside a piece of very rotten liver in an otherwise impeccable oak-glade. I mean squadrons, cohorts of butterflies. Butterflies blue as gentians, or orange as marigolds, with wings the size of your hand, which come in their hundreds to drink in damp places in the forests of Brazil. Then, like Kipling, I am prepared to abandon the Empire for a moment in order to see a real armadillo "dillowing in his armour." On second thoughts I may be doing the Empire an injustice: there are certain to be armadillos in British Guiana; and, for all I know, their plates may be coloured red white and blue this year (like Mr. Punch's cows in his Coronation Number). I would, too, like to see (and hear) flights of parrots, and monkeys howling in the tree tops, and at that distance which lends that enchantment both to eye and ear which is non-existent at the Zoo. Certainly Brazil and the Amazon have definite claims.

Drawn by Percy Home

IN THE ISLES OF THE WEST: The Scuir of Eigg, a porphyritic peak of great natural beauty, viewed from the mainland of Inverness. Many cruising liners now visit Scottish waters during the season, particularly in July and August

But you may not be feeling inclined towards the tropics. Do I hear you say that you prefer fair people? Very well. It is too easy; almost as easy in practice as on paper. You have only to set aside the time and the liner will look after the space. Let us go to the opposite extreme.

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Some Suggestions for a Holiday Afloat

If I cannot tempt you with an armadillo, what about a polar bear; I cannot promise you a bear, even if you really and truly wanted one. Perhaps a really good glacier would do. Well then, there are the Norwegian fjords, Iceland, and Spitzbergen, with snowy mountains dropping sheer into blue water as deep as they are high, and little fishing villages full of people so Nordic as to make the Führer send for a bottle of peroxide in desperation. And, compared with tropical sunsets, the sunsets in the far North are so tremendous that they almost cease to be sunsets at all. This you will find to be true when, utterly exhausted by watching for the sun to set, you finally realise that, as on Government House all the year round, so in the sub-Arctic at midsummer; and that it is breakfast-time.

We are not however behaving quite true to type. The British, we tell ourselves, do not rush to extremes. Let us therefore leave for the moment the Equator and the far North and sample a few cruising-grounds in nearer and more temperate climes. The Western Isles of Scotland, for instance, summon up a mixed impression of Mendelssohn, St. Columba, and the Young Pretender. They are close, their names are as fantastic as their shapes (Eigg, Rum, and Muck, and the rocks of Staffa for instance); and they are beautiful. On Iona you may visit the relics of a Christian civilisation which flourished when England was still pagan.

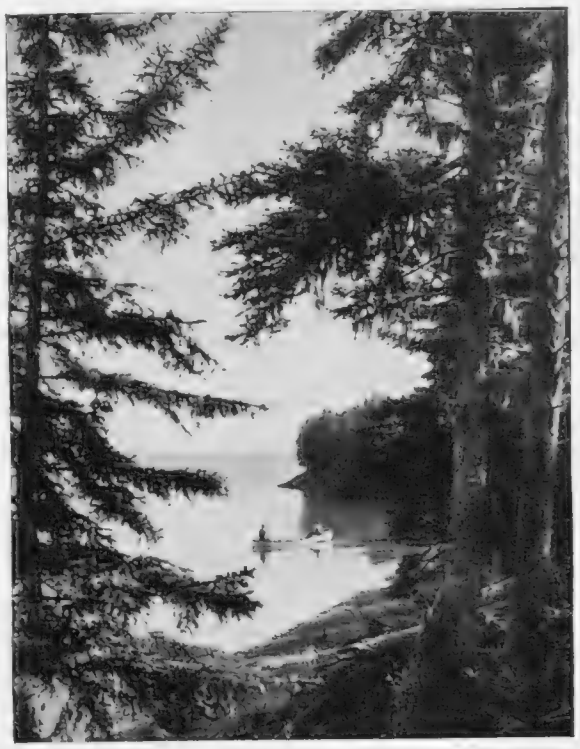
Or you may choose the Baltic for your cruising ground, and have the opportunity of stepping ashore ten (counting Poland and Danzig as one) different countries within the space of one trip. And you would be able to contrast the first impressions produced by all the main different forms of government now in vogue: dictatorship in Germany, democracy monarchy in Denmark, republicanism in Estonia, and Communism in Russia. Whatever your personal views on politics may be, you will undoubtedly give the palm to the Scandinavian countries for the manner in which they have solved the problems of public health.

We have neglected the Mediterranean, and I must hasten to make amends.

No one's education is complete without having seen Venice. So much has been written about her that I dare not run the risk of being confuted from the pages of Ruskin. I will confine myself to one, if trite, observation. In her buildings, her sky, her waters, you will still find the magic and the imperishable sunlight which are Canaletto's.

Then there is Southern Italy where Greek, Arabic, Norman, and Spanish influences have combined to produce such astounding buildings as the cathedral at Palermo; and, in remote villages in the hills of Calabria you may find the type of beauty which was the delight of Praxiteles. Crossing to the southern coasts of the inland sea, the liner anchors in the ports whence the Barbary corsairs once harried the English merchantmen.

The English summer months are ideal for those who prefer to visit South Africa in the cooler part of the year. To many the Cape, with its superb scenery, is sufficient in itself. But the more adventurous may wish to penetrate to the remoter parts of the Continent, and two trips in particular are to be recommended. Either disembark at Beira and take the train to the Victoria Falls station, where you may stay in great comfort within sound of the huge cataract. Or, leaving the ship at Laurenço Marques in Portuguese East Africa, you can travel by rail or air to the Kruger National Park, where Africa, as it was before the advent of the white man, is preserved with all its wealth of herds of zebra and antelope, and prides of lion, and rhinos (I never have learnt the plural of rhinoceros).

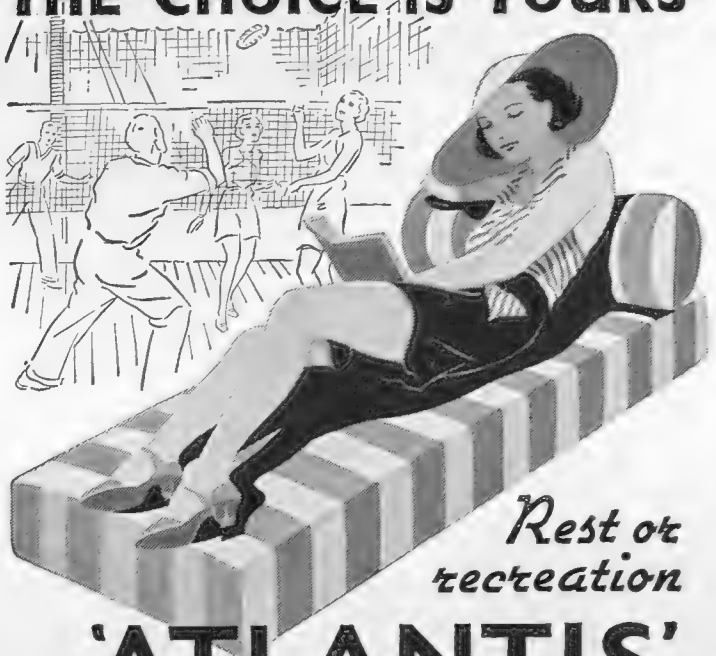


THE CALL OF CANADA: Canoeing close in to the fir-clad shore of a lake in Prince Albert National Park

Canada too holds out tremendous attractions for the summer visitor with its enormous mountain ranges, forests, and lakes. Here, as in South Africa, you may rely upon a high percentage of fine weather and an atmosphere of superb clearness. In particular I would draw your attention to the Rocky Mountains Famed for their scenery; they are almost more remarkable for their flowers.

H. F.

THE CHOICE IS YOURS-



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TO THOSE WHO HAVE THE TIME TO GO FAR AFIELD Tokyo should certainly not be missed, it abounds in the picturesque and the unexpected. This picture was taken in the Japanese capital during a big parade showing transport throughout the ages and planned to make citizens "traffic conscious"

"Where Are You Going To, All You Big Steamers?"

Cruising Itineraries for the Coming Summer Months

THE scope of modern cruising is nowadays so wide that one is almost overwhelmed by the choice of itineraries offered by the various shipping companies. It is possible in a limited amount of space to mention only a few of the journeys you may make on the different lines.

For instance the Orient Line, after the special arrangements made for the Naval Review at no extra expense to passengers returning from the cruise to the Adriatic, seem to be paying special attention to the far North and to the Mediterranean this summer. Our old friends the *Orion* and *Orontes* will sail for the fjords and cities of Scandinavia every Saturday from June 26 to August 7, the length of the cruises varying from thirteen to twenty days and the fares from 20 guineas. These Orient liners are famed for the remarkable amount of their deck space, and provide more than usually good opportunities for games. Only 1st-class passengers are taken on these trips, so that the ships are never crowded. I like, in particular, the idea of the *Orion's* cruise of July 3 during which the liner reaches the Arctic Circle and the sun may be seen above the horizon at midnight. Later in the summer two direct trips to Egypt and Palestine are being made by the *Orama* leaving London on September 3 and 21. On these cruises the fares cost £40 1st class and £18 tourist. If you have a little more time to spare, it can be arranged for you to travel out on the first voyage and return by the second, thereby giving you twenty days in Egypt or nineteen days in Palestine. Another attractive cruise is the twelve-day journey to Toulon, the great French naval base, and back. Passengers for this cruise leave on July 17 by the *Otranti* and return by the *Oronsay*. They will be personally escorted by Mr. A. J. Hampton of the Orient Line.

Then there are the special return 1st-class fare rates offered by the Nippon Yusen Kaisha Line to travellers to the East. For people who do not like being tied down to a definite schedule the terms of these tickets are particularly suitable. For, provided that you do not exceed the limit of 150 days for the whole voyage, you may stop at any of the ports en route and proceed by a subsequent vessel. Cruises by this service give the opportunity of visiting such interesting places as Colombo and Kandy, the seat of the old kings of Ceylon, Hong-Kong, and Shanghai, not to speak of fascinating Japan itself.

The Royal Mail Lines are continuing their series of *Atlantis* cruises this summer to the Norwegian fjords, the Northern capitals, and Spitzbergen. Particularly interesting is that on the July cruise a visit will be made to the famous fortress of Heligoland, which for the first time appears on the itinerary of a cruising liner. Apart from its interest as a stronghold of Germany in the great war, the island is notable as one of the most

(Continued on page 496)

ON THE WATERS OF TITICACA: A Balsa boat, with its simple rig, gliding over Peru's great lake which lies in a valley 12,000 ft. or more above sea level. Travellers making for this part of South America will find the Grace liners well suited to their needs

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Visit the SWISS EXHIBITION — Union House, Lower Regent St., S.W.1. Open Weekdays until June 19:—10.30 a.m.—10 p.m. (Sat. 6 p.m.) Admission Free.

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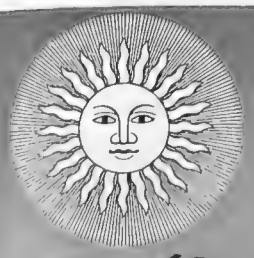

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EMPRESS of AUSTRALIA

In the Gulf of Kotor
Photo: Yugo-Slav Express Agency.

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Old Prague

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CZECHOSLOVAKIA
THE NEW HOLIDAY LAND

LUXURY AFLOAT: The smoking-room of one of the crack Canadian Pacific liners

(*Continued from page* 494)

famous places for the recording of migratory birds in the world, and boasts pleasant sandy beaches noted for their good bathing. The Royal Mail is also running cruises to the Mediterranean and South America, the journey to which last is known as the "fair weather crossing."

The Spanish Main and South America can very pleasantly be visited on the Grace Line steamers. The names, Cartagena, Panama, Mexico City, conjure up memories of the brutal Morgan and poor Montezuma. You may cruise from New York to San Francisco without leaving the liner, or visit the Andes and Lima, the city where so many of the scenes in that fascinating book *The Bridge of San Luis Rey*, are set.

STOCKHOLM'S TOWN HALL, a modern architectural masterpiece, is a sight that should not be missed by visitors to this northern capital

That famous trio of the Canadian Pacific Line the *Montcalm*, *Montclare*, and *Montrose* are carrying out a number of cruises this summer of an average duration of thirteen days to the Baltic, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic islands. The company's motto is "the sunshine way at a pound a day," and the comfort and good food offered by these liners need no encomiums. Then the *Empress of Australia* is leaving for a tour of the northern capitals on July 10. This cruise includes a stay in port of three days at Leningrad.

For £75 to £85, fares which are reduced by about £10 during the months of June, July, and August, you may cruise on the *Hilary* or the *Anselm* of the Booth Line for seven weeks. The liners sail via Portugal and Madeira on the now famous voyage of 1,000 miles up the Amazon

Messrs. Thomas Cook and Son, who have in their long career probably sent more English people abroad than any other firm or factor in English life, can scarcely be called a shipping firm. But their activities are so multifarious that neither can they be omitted from mention in the catalogue of cruising. Apart from running tours in almost every country in the world their widespread connections have enabled them to combine some very pleasant trips with the sailings of the ships of the various lines. In particular may be mentioned their excellent trips to Egypt and the journeys which may be made up the Nile.

Two further sets of cruises engage our attention, those by the various Castle liners to Germany and Belgium, and to Madeira and the Canary Islands. At Antwerp, having disembarked from your Union Castle liner, you may see the finest Gothic church in Flanders; at Gouda some of the loveliest stained glass in the world, and at Hamburg the beautiful Alster-Bassin with its fifty acres of water surrounded by the tree-lined quays and fine buildings. Or, taking the Southern route you may visit sunny Madeira, renowned for its splendid bathing and beautiful inland scenery.

S. S.

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WHAT! Never heard of Gullane? (pronounced Gillan in Scotland, please). Well, Gullane means Golf. Three first-class courses, short, medium and long, Muirfield immediately opposite and five others within five miles. Sea bathing on a sandy beach, tennis, motoring and walking. A modern luxury hotel with 50 bedrooms. Food and wine—first class. Your Headquarters?
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EAST LOTHIAN - SCOTLAND
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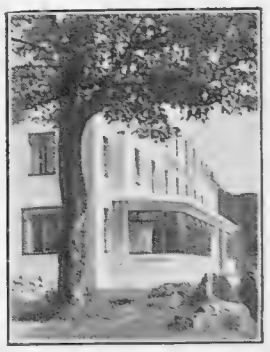

Arthur Towle, Controller, L M S Hotel Services, St. Pancras, London, N.W.1

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Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Cowes (I.o.W.)—Gloster Hotel.
Cromer.—The Grand Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Droitwich Spa.—Worcs. Brine Baths Hotel.
Dulverton.—Woodcote Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Folkestone.—Princes Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
Guildford.—Bramley Grange Hotel.
Hambleden.—Stag & Huntsman (Henley 4 miles).
Harrogate.—Granby Hotel. Tel. 3045.
Harrogate.—Wellington Hotel. Tel. 4457.
Hastings.—Queen's Hotel. Tel. 201.
Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel.
Littlehampton.—Southlands Private Hotel.
Lyme Regis.—Hotel Alexandra. Tel. 10.
Malvern.—Malvern House Hotel. Tel. Malvn. 338
Manchester.—Bowdon Hydro.
Marlborough.—The Ailesbury Arms Hotel.
Newquay.—Headland Hotel. Tel. Newquay 511.
Reading.—Upcross Hotel. (Thames two miles.)
Sanderstead (Surrey).—Selsdon Park Hotel.
Seaton (Devon).—Royal Clarence Hotel. Tel. 15
Sheringham.—Sheringham Hotel. Tel. 3.
Sidmouth.—Torbay View Private Hotel.
Southport.—Prince of Wales Hotel.
Southport.—Royal Hotel.
Southport.—Waverley Hotel Ltd., Promenade.
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Torquay.—Park Hall Hotel.
Torquay.—Lincombe Hall.
Torquay.—Palm Court Hotel.
Tunbridge Wells.—Spa Hotel.
West Wickham (Kent).—Wickham Court Hotel
Weybridge.—Oatlands Park Hotel.
Weybridge.—Heath Hotel.
Wheatley, Oxford.—Brimpton Grange Hotel.
Worthing.—Ferring Grange Hotel.

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Tempsford, Beds. (51).—The Anchor.
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Sutton-on-Trent (133½).—Old England Hotel.

ENGLISH LAKES

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Keswick.—Armathwaite Hall Hotel.
Keswick.—The Borrowdale Hotel.
Buttermere.—Victoria Hotel. Tel. 2.
Grasmere.—Prince of Wales Lake Hotel. Tel. 4
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LONDON

Alexandra Hotel.—Hyde Park.
Ambassadors Hotel, W.C.1. Tel. Euston 1456.
Cadogan Hotel, Sloane Street, S.W.1.
Southdown Hall Hotel, The Downs, Wimbledon.

SCOTLAND

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Carr Bridge, Strathspey, N.B.—Carr Bridge Htl
Dunkeld.—Birnham Hotel. Tennis. Tel. 24.
Edinburgh.—The Alison Hotel, Melville Crescent
Gullane.—Marine Hotel.
Isle of Skye.—Duisdale Hotel. Tel. Isleornsay 2.
Kyle of Lochalsh.—Lochalsh Hotel.
Lochearnhead.—Auchraw Hotel. Tel. 3.
Onich, (North Ballachulish).—Creagdhu Hotel.
Oban.—Marine Hotel.
Oban.—Station Hotel.
Perth.—Station Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Atholl Palace Hotel.
Pitlochry.—Scotland's Hotel.

WALES

Lake Vyrnwy.—Lake Vyrnwy Htl., via Oswestry
Llandudno.—Imperial Hotel. Tel. 6205.
Llandudno.—St. George's Hotel.
Tan-y-bwlch.—Oakley Arms Hotel.

NORTHERN IRELAND

Belfast.—Grand Central Hotel.
Belfast.—Midland Station Hotel. (LMS-NCC.)
Newcastle (Co. Down).—Slieve Donard Hotel.
Portrush.—Northern Counties Htl. (LMS-NCC.
Rostrevor (Co. Down).—Great N. (Rly) Hotel

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comfortably within reach of London, comfortably out of reach of London's crowds and noise. Golf, tennis, swimming and all the joys of the country at your command . . . nights of perfect repose, days without a domestic care, ten acres of garden . . . an hotel where it is a pleasure to be "at home."

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In Quest o

Shy Little Gullane Golf

EAST LOTHIAN, in case your geographical knowledge is as rusty as mine is sometimes, lies between the Lammermuir Hills and the Firth of Forth, and has a seaboard which stretches from the port of Leith to the historic town of Dunbar.

Although agriculturally it is the richest part of Caledonia and has been described as "The Garden of Scotland," its chief industry and absorbing recreation is golf. Mr. John Kerr in that classic book *The Golf Book of East Lothian* writes, "It is difficult to say how much golf owes to East Lothian and East Lothian to golf."

Now whilst North Berwick, thanks to a society following, gets a good deal of the full limelight of publicity thrown on her each year, the real centre of golf in East Lothian and the family holiday headquarters in spring, summer, and autumn for those who like not only golf but bathing, tennis, and motoring, is Gullane (pronounced Gillan, please).

And now a word as to how to reach shy little Gullane. Motoring from the south along the coast road via Berwick-upon-Tweed take the Edinburgh by-pass at Dunbar, then after leaving Beltonford take the turning to the right sign-posted North Berwick. Then on through Dirleton, reputed to be the prettiest village in Scotland because it is so English looking! And you will come to Gullane and the Marine Hotel. Standing by itself, it had a friendly "come-hither" look in its exterior. It looked first class, without being super class, and from the moment I entered I felt absolutely at home.

Reflecting afterwards on my visit, I am sure a great deal of this "at home" feeling was due to the friendliness and helpfulness of the staff, most of whom have been there for a number of years. Several of the regular visitors commented to me how they looked forward to meeting the same staff. The same manageress, the same hall porter—a great character—and the three sister waitresses in the dining-room who working as a team, were so exceedingly deft, which is the reverse of daft or deaf!

It is personal attention which makes such a difference in a well-run hotel and it was so evident at the Marine, Gullane that I hope nothing will ever destroy that friendly atmosphere between visitors and staff and *vice versa*.

As to the hotel itself, it is just right for its purpose . . . the holiday hotel. Each of the fifty bedrooms has all the comforts and etceteras one could wish for. Lights in the right place, hot water on turning the tap, plenty of cupboard space. The panelled dining-room aids holiday appetites. There is plenty of lounge room accommodation, one room having a proper dancing floor.

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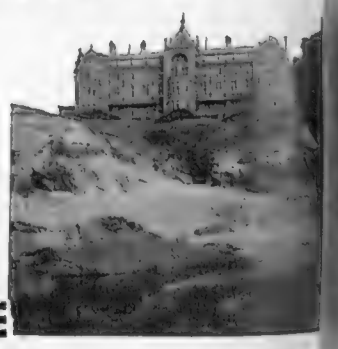

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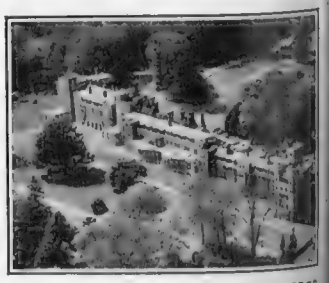

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Illustrated brochure on request.

Good Hotels

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An Ideal Spot for a Holiday

with radiogram, and there are private sitting-rooms available as well. Outside the hotel was a hard tennis court, and when one bathes the Marine has its own beach hut.

And now I will come to the reasons why Gullane, apart from the Marine Hotel, is so popular. Still little more than a village, it can never be spoilt. All the available building land has long since been snapped up. There is excellent, safe sea-bathing. The beach is ideal for children. There is much of historic interest in the neighbourhood; Edinburgh lies but eighteen miles away, and finally there is "that gadfly game which maddens even the most tame—golf."

Gullane itself has three courses, ranging from 6,300 yards to 4,808 yards. One mile away, and directly opposite the Marine Hotel, is Muirfield, where "Tigers" battle. Two miles away is Luffness; 3½ miles, Kilspindie; and between five and six miles are Longniddry and North Berwick, new and old courses. Nine first-class links within six miles! Can you wonder at the popularity of Gullane, this golfers' paradise?

However much you may be "on" or "off" your game, there is great satisfaction in knowing that one can come back at the end of a healthy day in the open to a welcoming atmosphere, an excellent dinner, and the best "lie" in the bed line that can be found. So much does the Marine Hotel cater for the golfing fraternity that they engage, in the season, a well-known sportswoman to act as hostess, philosopher, and friend, to condole with visitors on a bad round or congratulate them on a "birdie".

To make everything doubly easy they arrange, if you have not got your car, to meet you at the station and convey you and your belongings to the Marine, free of charge; still free of charge take you to and from the golf courses, and at the end of your stay take you back to the station again free of charge.

In conclusion, one word of advice. There are others, many in fact, who have discovered Gullane long before I did, so go to Gullane and the Marine early or late, that is now, June, early July, or after August. Terms are naturally cheaper. Golf courses are uncrowded. The rainfall is very low, and I would like you to experience that same personal attention which I had and which cannot be expected to the same degree in the busy month of August.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

The pivotal centre of the English Lakes, and from whose windows you get a magnificent 9 mile panoramic view of the Scawfell Range. An Hotel that is brimful of interest. Interesting food, intriguing wines, 100 inviting bedrooms, and by no means least the interest of the Resident Proprietors, who represent an unbroken chain of four generations.

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- BEAUTY
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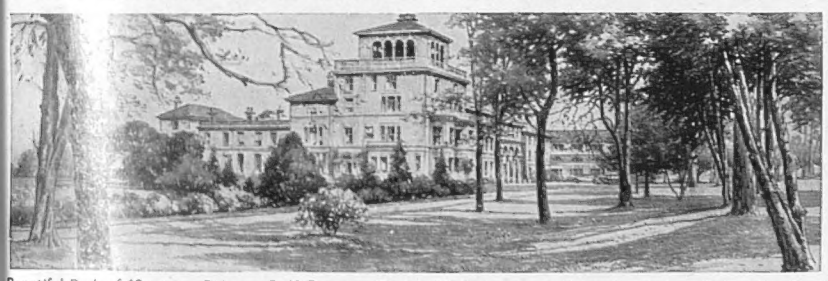

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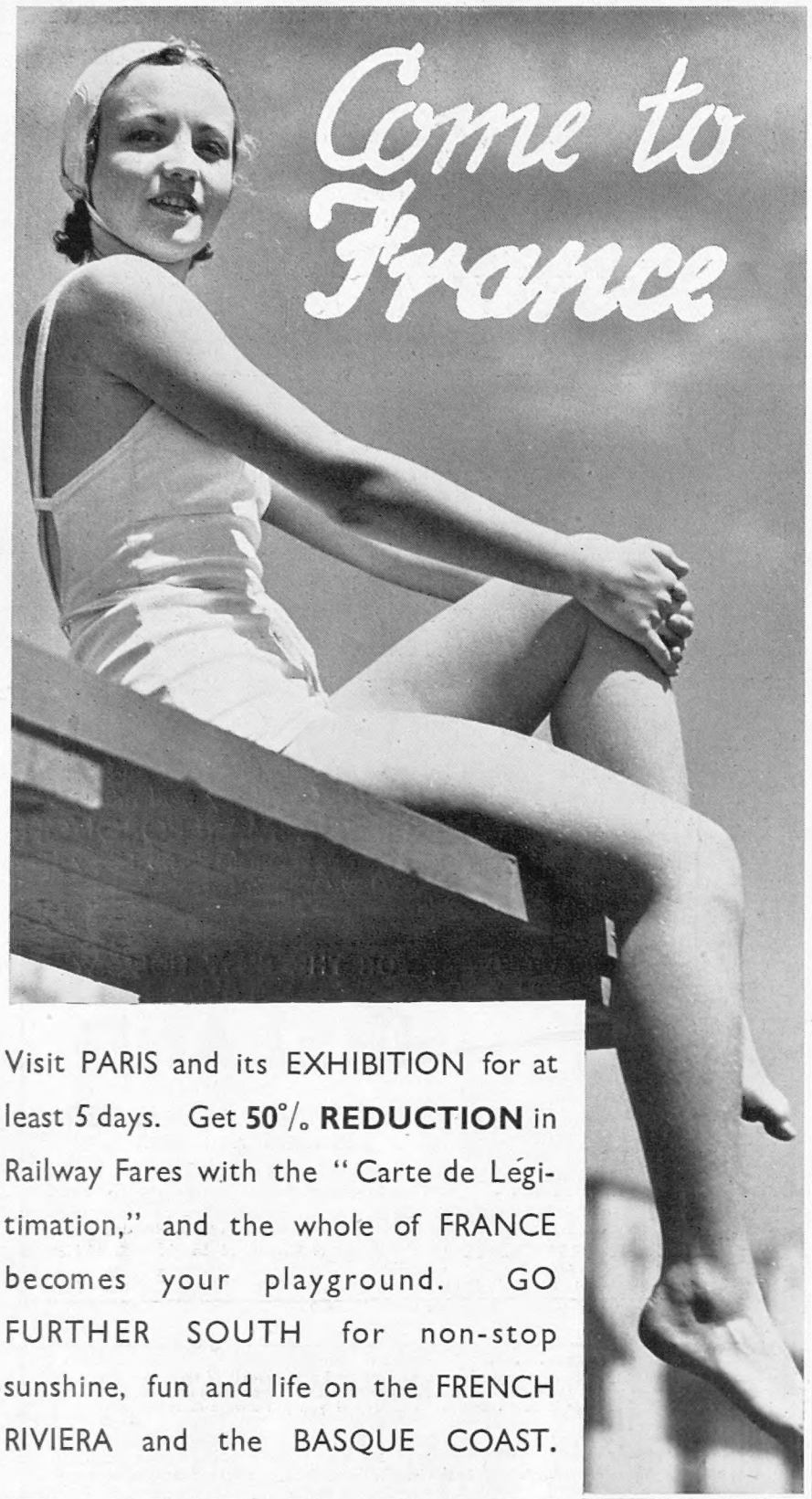

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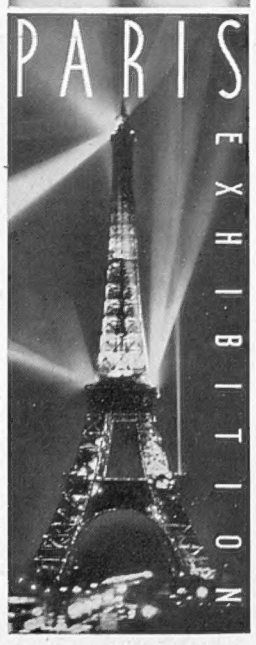

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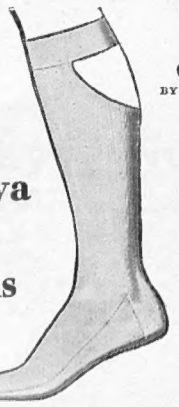

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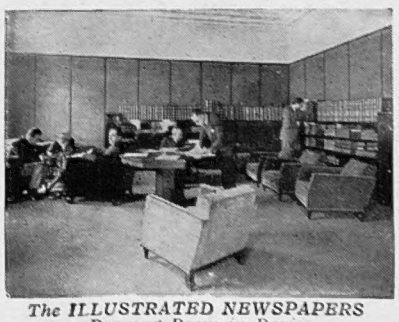

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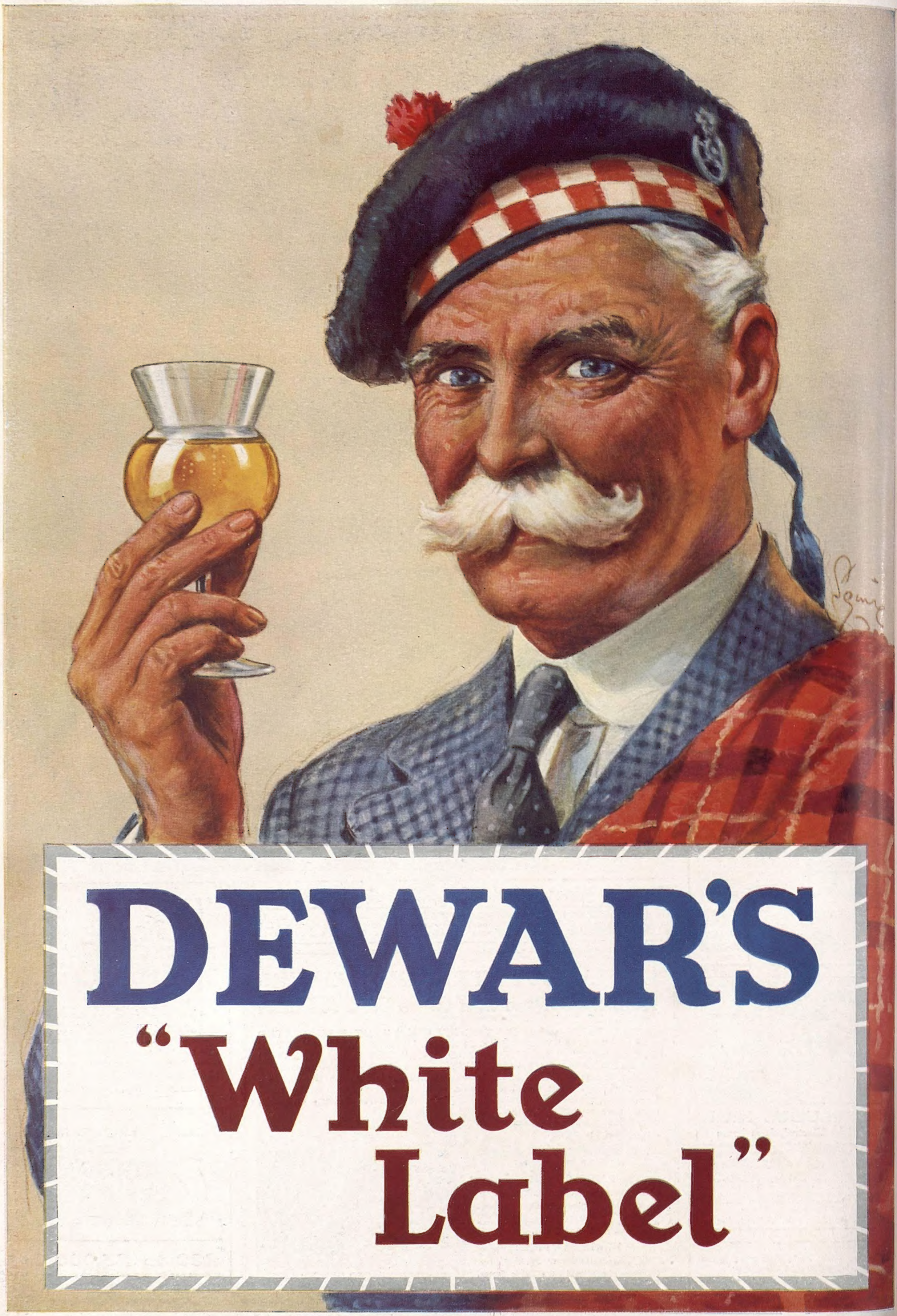
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